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The Cultivation of Tobacco



No. 1

Removing Tobacco

The seed is sown in February and March in beds or frames, the soil of which has been subjected to great heat to kill any weeds or insects.

These beds are protected from the frost, and in six or eight weeks' time the young plants are about six inches high and are ready to be transferred to the tobacco fields. Without this special preparation it would be impossible to produce the Rich, Ripe, Virginia Leaf used in the making of

PLAYER'S

Navy Cut

TOBACCO & CIGARETTES



No. 2

EARLY in May the seedlings are planted in rows. It is estimated that 5,000 seedlings can be planted to the acre.

The tender young plants are in great danger from parasites—bugs is the term used in America—and only by constant attention is it possible to produce the Rich, Ripe Virginia Leaf used in the making of

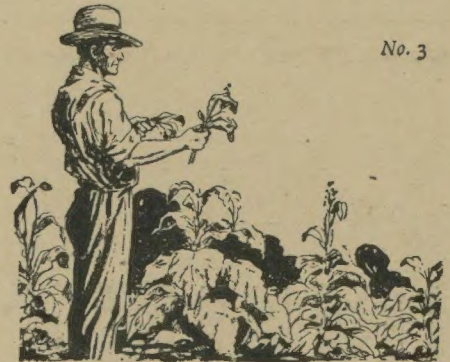
PLAYER'S

Navy Cut

TOBACCO & CIGARETTES



Regd. No. 154011.



No. 3

"Topping Tobacco"

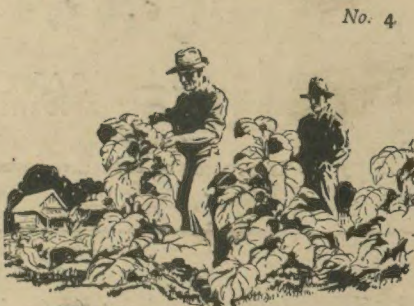
When the Tobacco Plant is fully grown, and just before the ripening process commences, the tops are cut off to prevent the plant from flowering and running to seed.

By this process the leaves which remain get all the nourishment, and so it is possible to produce the Rich, Ripe Virginia Leaf which goes to the making of

PLAYER'S

Navy Cut

TOBACCO & CIGARETTES



No. 4

THE British Farmer knows when to cut his corn by the gradual change of colour. There is no such indication where Tobacco is concerned.

The leaf must be fully grown or it is useless; on the other hand it must be gathered while it is still green or it will be blotchy.

It therefore requires great judgment on the part of the Tobacco Grower to know when the plant is just in that condition to produce the Rich, Ripe Virginia Leaf used in the making of

PLAYER'S

Navy Cut

TOBACCO & CIGARETTES



No. 5

THE Tobacco Harvest commences at the end of July, when the plants are harvested and threaded on long poles.

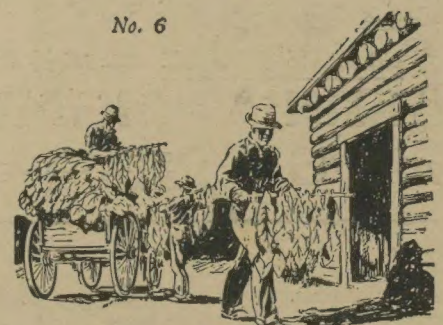
Mule carts are used to convey these poles to the curing barns.

The average crop is about 700 lbs. to the acre, but only a small percentage of this will ultimately produce the Rich, Ripe Virginia Leaf used in the making of

PLAYER'S

Navy Cut

TOBACCO & CIGARETTES



No. 6

THE leaf is taken straight from the fields to the Curing Barns where it is subjected to great heat up to 220° Fahr. This is to turn the Leaf to that golden brown colour with which we here are most familiar.

It is then sorted into grades according to its colour, size and "body," and the best grades of this Rich, Ripe, Virginia Leaf are used in the making of

PLAYER'S

Navy Cut

TOBACCO & CIGARETTES

It must be Players

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, 1926.

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A BULWARK OF BELGIAN PATRIOTISM DURING THE WAR: THE LATE CARDINAL MERCIER, WHOSE BRAVE STAND AGAINST GERMAN OPPRESSION WON HIM THE RESPECT AND ADMIRATION OF THE WORLD.

Cardinal Mercier, who died in Brussels on January 23, will be remembered in history for his courageous and dignified resistance to German oppression in Belgium during the war. After making many personal investigations he issued his famous pastoral letter, "Patriotism and Endurance," containing strong protests against the cruelties inflicted on the population. He declined to retract his words, and continued to make protests throughout

the four years of the enemy's occupation. Since the war he had been interested in the Malines "Conversations" on Church reunion, originated by Lord Halifax and the Abbé Portal, who both visited him a few days before his death. He became Archbishop of Malines in 1906, and a Cardinal the next year. Previously he had been professor of Thomist philosophy at Louvain, and he published several important works.—[PHOTOGRAPH BY POLINET.]



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

A MAGAZINE has been sent to me containing a great deal of the prose and poetry of the future; and I need not say that to a casual eye much of the poetry would seem like prose. That, however, is the least part of the matter. I have never understood why it should be a progress for poetry to become prosaic. It seems to me that it would be more of a progress for prose to become poetical. Surely the true Utopia would be one in which a man burst into song when called upon for a speech, not one in which he stammered a few broken lines of speech when called upon for a song. But, putting that question on one side for the moment, let me say a word of what this work is actually like. The fairest way is to take examples; but it is only fair if we take complete examples. Let us agree that it is not always fair to quote, in the sense that quotations are merely extracts. Let us concede that it is improper to take a phrase out of its context and without its completed form. I will therefore venture to quote the whole of a poem—rounded, complete, balanced in its fullness and its finality. This is the poem; and I have been careful to reproduce the lettering and the spacing with accuracy and a regard to the harmony of the whole—

Exhaltation

Deep days
When I worship
Sing ing by
The blood in stone images.

It is usual to apologise to the publisher for quoting any large proportion of a printed work, but in this case I may be pardoned for having permitted myself to run on to the end. It will be obvious that all the aspects involved open avenues of thought. Even the spelling and spacing are *recherché*. There seems to be an unnecessary aspirate in the title, suggestive of those who are so afraid of dropping their aitches that they may be said to pick up other people's. I can imagine that Mr. Yellowplush, the comic footman of Thackeray, might have described himself as having "ex-halted haspirations," but I had no idea that Mr. Yellowplush was a prophet anticipating the wild futurism of twentieth-century art. The separation of "sing" and "ing" seems to be equally intentional and even more mysterious. Perhaps it is the Chinese influence. It might be supposed to represent a cry of delight over the happy coincidence of the rhyme. But I always understood that the artists of the higher anarchy were even more indifferent to rhyme than to rhythm. I am afraid I must abandon all attempt to imagine what "ing" means thus standing all by itself. Can it have any sort of dark connection with the Gloomy Dean? Or is it only meant to indicate a pause in the recitation of the poem—an opportunity for the singer to take breath when he is singing? Is it meant that there is at that point an interval for refreshments, a holiday—even a long vacation—lest the poet should be exhausted by the unusual length and prolonged continuity of the epic? There is something in the idea, for it is certainly possible to

read even a lyric of four lines and be a little bored before you come to the end of it.

But these external eccentricities are nothing compared with the solemn mystery that dwells in the heart of the whole. The occasions on which the poet is exalted are, it would appear, those deep days on which he worships singing by any blood that may be found in stone images. The full significance may not reveal itself at once. We may be tempted to say that the poet must have a difficulty in finding any days sufficiently deep to allow of his singing by the blood in stone images. We may suspect that, if these are the conditions under which he worships, he must often neglect his religious duties. *Parcus deorum cultor et infrequens*, he must surely be too fastidious in his choice of opportunities for church-going. We

chance. And having so contemplated it and so analysed it, with all reasonable restraint, I may be allowed to liberate my soul by asking in a more frank and simple fashion: "What the devil is to be done with the idiots who are pestering us with this sort of thing, and calling it the new poetry?" It is obviously not poetry, and it is not even new. For where there is nothing there is no more novelty than there is antiquity. A thing that is not anything is not new, any more than it is anything else. It is not original in form, for it has no form. It is not original in thought. It is not even obscure in thought. For obscurity implies that we search for its meaning, on the assumption that it means something. But this carries on its face the avowal that it means nothing. It is not something negatively elusive in its sense; it is something positively senseless. There is nothing

obscure about the blood in stone images, any more than about the ink in icebergs, or the beer in bicycles, or the champagne in Bradshaw's railway guide. This sort of writing is perfectly lucid. It is even transparent. And people must be even stupider than their own writings if they imagine that we cannot see through it.

I have admitted that it might be made to mean that we cannot get song from a *vers librist* until we can get blood from a stone. But I cannot think that is what the *vers librist* means by it. Apart from that, there is no question of a meaning involved. It is not obscure, but obvious; it is obviously meaningless. And the real interest of it is not literary, but psychological and sociological. In other words, it serves to show how far we have carried the cult of impudence—a sort of monkey-worship. There really is something rather peculiar to one particular phase of history in the mentality that can put down those four lines, to stand all alone in the middle of a blank page. It is debasing a glorious word to say that it

requires courage, but it is a sign of a strange debasement to be confident that it can be done in safety. And though these extreme examples are exceptional examples, though they are only found in rather cranky corners, they are found to co-exist with much more intelligent cranks. The verse I have quoted, for instance, is bound up in the same volume with works by Mr. James Joyce and Mr. Ezra Pound, whose notions we may regard as quite false or unphilosophical, but who are men of thought and reading, who generally mean something by what they say. Even if such men can stand such stuff as this about the stone images, they must surely be intelligent enough to see that schism of an entirely new sort has appeared between those who think it intelligible and those who think it imbecile—or, in other words, that in the view of nine-tenths of the world a tenth of the world has gone mad. But for my part I think it is merely the worship of the monkey; the idolatry of impudence; and I think that particular stone idol is very bloodless indeed.



MR. CHESTERTON'S "NIGHTMARE" PARABLE IN DRAMATIC FORM: "THE MAN WHO WAS THURSDAY" AT THE EVERYMAN THEATRE—LUCIEN GREGORY (MR. DOUGLAS BURBIDGE) ADDRESSING "ANARCHISTS," AND THURSDAY (MR. CAMPBELL GULLAN) SEATED BESIDE A LARGE BOMB.

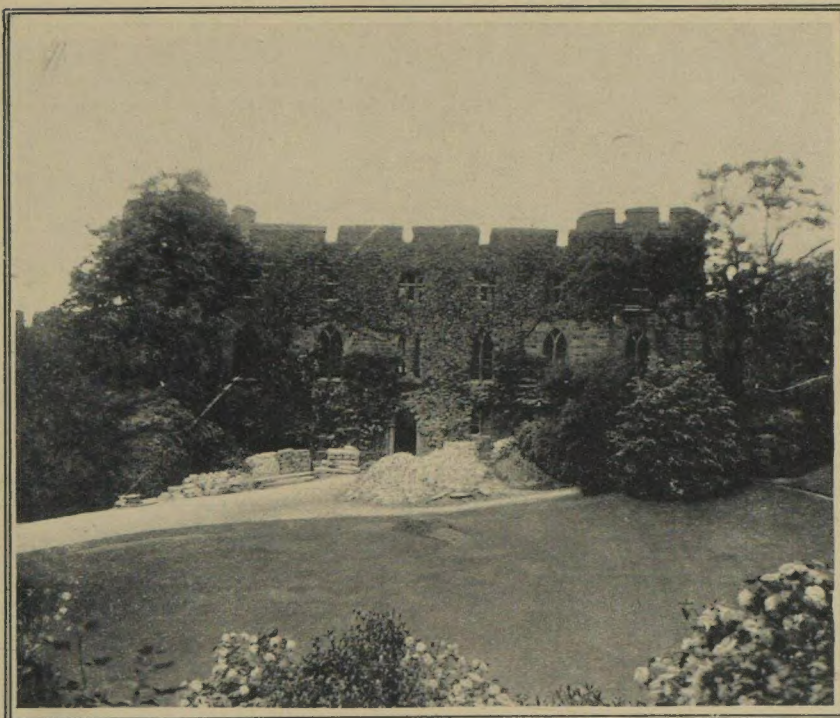
Mr. G. K. Chesterton's remarkable play, "The Man Who Was Thursday," dramatised from his novel of that name by Mrs. Cecil Chesterton and Mr. Ralph Neale, was produced at the Everyman Theatre on January 20. It has been called "a parable expressed in a nightmare," and it deals with the subject of anarchy. Gabriel Syme dreams that he has been made a detective and elected to the Central Anarchist Committee, all named after days of the week. He himself becomes Thursday. Later he finds that his fellow-members are all likewise policemen, except the mysterious President, called Sunday. This character, Mr. Chesterton has explained, stands for Nature as distinct from God.—[Photograph by C.N.]

may even descend to the coarse and conventional objection that there is no blood in stone images. Besides, how does a man sing by blood, whether found in stone images or in some more promising environment? It is possible that a man might swear by blood; it is even tenable that in one sense many popular characters do. But if called upon not to swear by it, but to sing by it, he might well find himself embarrassed in carrying out the programme. It is just possible that the poem might mean something like this—that, until he shall find a day sufficiently unfathomable in its inconsistencies and contradictions to allow of the circulation of the blood in statues, he will not be sufficiently exalted to be able to sing. This might possibly be the explanation of his not being able to do it.

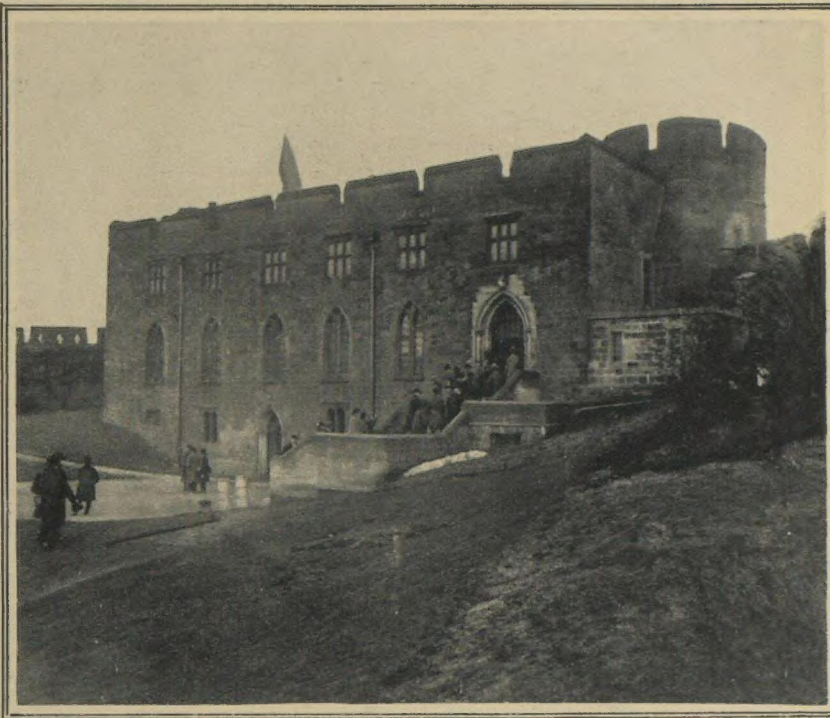
Now I have taken that remarkable poem as a concrete example, and dwelt upon it at some length with the sincere intention of giving it every sporting

NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY: MEMORABLE EVENTS NEAR AND FAR.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL, C.N., AND P. AND A.



BEFORE ITS RECENT RESTORATION FOR USE AS A BOROUGH COUNCIL CHAMBER: SHREWSBURY CASTLE, BUILT BY EDWARD I. ON THE SITE OF AN OLDER NORMAN STRONGHOLD.



AFTER ITS RESTORATION, WITH THE NEW STAIRWAY: SHREWSBURY CASTLE, LATELY PRESENTED TO THE TOWN BY THE SHROPSHIRE HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY AND OPENED BY LORD BARNARD.

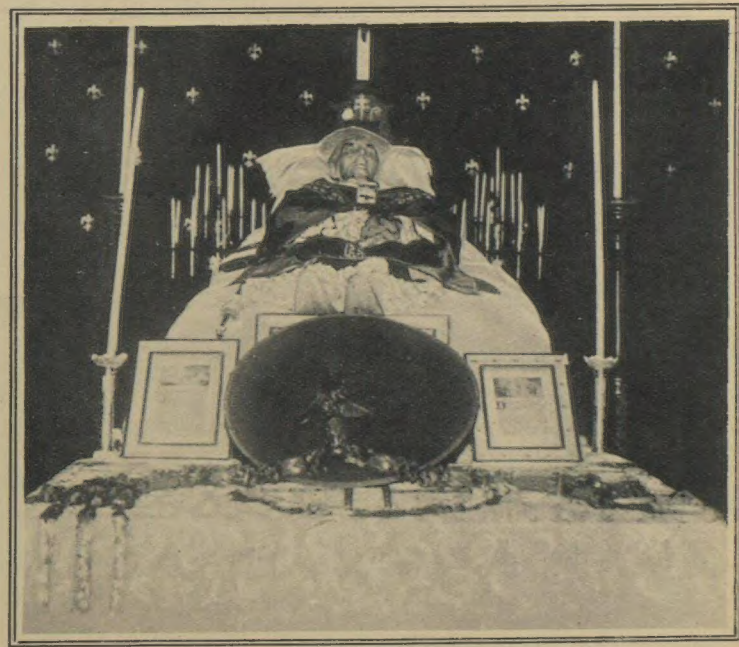


A FRENCH PARALLEL TO GODREVY: THE KEEPERS OF THE PHARE D'ARMEN TAKEN OFF BY LIFE-LINE AFTER 53 DAYS SINCE THE PROVISIONS-BOAT HAD BEEN ABLE TO APPROACH.

Shrewsbury Castle, which has been presented to the town by the Shropshire Horticultural Society and restored for public purposes, was opened on January 21 by Lord Barnard, its former owner and President of the Society. The original stronghold was built soon after the Conquest by Roger de Montgomery, the first Norman Earl of Shrewsbury. The present building was constructed for Edward I.—Very severe weather and rough seas lasted for many weeks off the rock-strewn coast of Brittany. Bread ran short in many little islands cut off from communication



THE PASSING OF A GREAT BELGIAN CHURCHMAN AND PATRIOT: THE LATE CARDINAL MERCIER LYING IN STATE.



WHERE THE PEOPLE OF MALINES FILED PAST TO PAY A LAST TRIBUTE: THE LYING-IN-STATE OF CARDINAL MERCIER IN THE ARCHBISHOP'S PALACE.

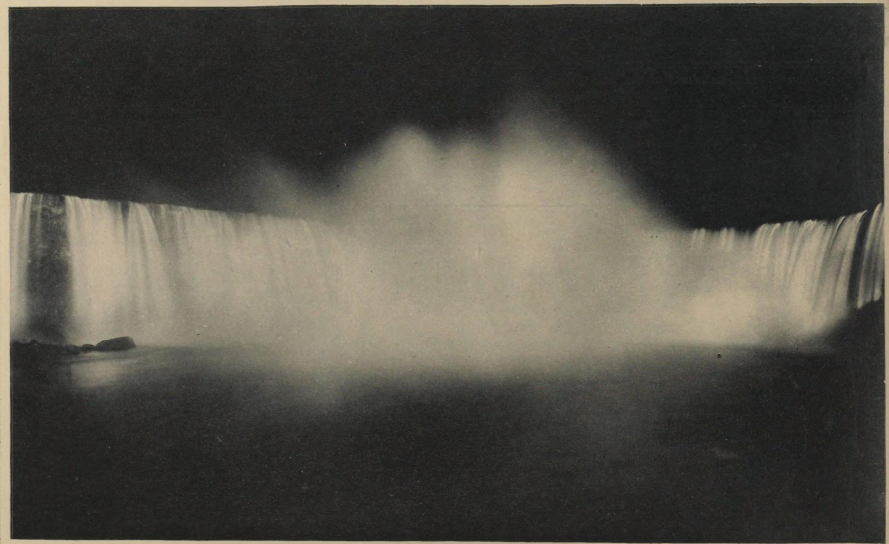
with the shore, and for fifty-three days the boat that usually brings provisions twice a week to the Armen Lighthouse, near the Ile d'Ouessant, was unable to approach it.—Cardinal Mercier, of whom we give a portrait on our front page, died in Brussels on January 23. The death-chamber was visited shortly afterwards by King Albert and Prince Leopold, the Cabinet, and Diplomatic Corps. Later the body was taken to Malines to lie in state in the Archbishop's Palace. A State funeral in Brussels was arranged for Thursday, January 28.

SOURCE OF THE ELECTRIC POWER THAT MAKES ONTARIO'S PROSPERITY: NIAGARA FALLS—SEARCHLIGHT ILLUMINATIONS.

PHOTOGRAPHS AND DESCRIPTIVE NOTES BY F. G. BAILEY.



A WONDERFUL NIGHT SPECTACLE AT NIAGARA PROVIDED BY ELECTRIC SEARCHLIGHTS: THE AMERICAN FALL ON THE LEFT (WITH THE "BRIDAL VEIL" AT ITS RIGHT-HAND END) AND THE CANADIAN (OR HORSESHOE) FALL ON THE RIGHT.



A VAST CLOUD OF LUMINOUS SPRAY CAST UP BY THE "THUNDER OF WATER": AN AWE-INSPIRING NIGHT VIEW OF NIAGARA FALLS UNDER THE BEAMS OF POWERFUL SEARCHLIGHTS.



THE REMARKABLE ILLUMINATION OF NIAGARA FALLS AT NIGHT: POWERFUL BEAMS PROJECTED BY A SCINTILLATOR CONSISTING OF TWENTY-FOUR 36-INCH ARC SEARCHLIGHTS OF MEDIUM INTENSITY.



SHOWING THE LIGHT BRIDGES BELOW THE "BRIDAL VEIL" (THE NARROW SEPARATE CATARACT ON THE RIGHT): THE BEAUTIFUL EFFECT OF SEARCHLIGHT ILLUMINATION ON THE AMERICAN FALL AT NIAGARA.

Now that a great Government scheme of electrical power is contemplated in this country, it is of special interest to recall that the province of Ontario owes its prosperity mainly to the power derived from Niagara. The Hydro-Electric Power Commission of Ontario has recently completed a vast extension of that system, at a point on the river, five miles below the Falls, where the new Queenston-Chippawa power-house contains the nine largest turbines in the world. This new plant, in fact, produces nearly twice as much power as that obtained from the two original power-houses situated above and below the Horseshoe Fall. The Commission supplies electric power to 450 municipalities, urban and rural, some of them 250 miles away, and serves a population of some 2,250,000, including over 400,000 actual consumers. In many a humble home electricity provides both heat and light, and drives the vacuum-cleaner, the washing-machine, and the domestic iron. Electric light costs the householder about a dollar a month. The Agent-General for the province, Mr. W. C. Noxon, speaking

in London, said: "In Ontario hydro-electric power is the very life-blood of industry. Ontario has no coal-mines, and yet it is the leading manufacturing province of Canada." At Niagara Falls, electricity is also used to provide an awe-inspiring night spectacle, as shown in these remarkable photographs. "In illumination by electricity," writes Mr. F. G. Bailey, who supplied them, "many wonderful developments have taken place. One of the latest is the successful illumination of the world's largest waterfalls—Niagara—by batteries of searchlights placed in towers and erected at the rear of the Falls. The searchlights installed are of the direct current arc type, equipped with silvered glass mirrors in two sizes. The mirror is formed by the surfaces of the two eccentric spheres of different radii, so proportioned that the reflection and refraction of the glass will project the rays of light in a parallel beam. This illumination of Niagara Falls was undertaken by the International General Electric Company, of Schenectady, New York, under the supervision of Mr. W. D'Arcy Ryan."

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

THE TWO-TOED SLOTH.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

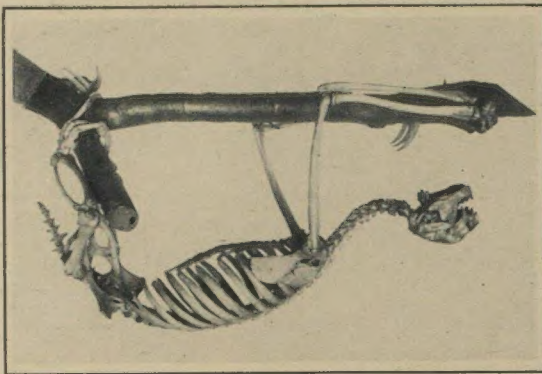
THE announcement of a new arrival at the "Zoo" is sure to arouse interest; yet very often, I suspect, a feeling of disappointment results when a pilgrimage is made to inspect the new-comer. For these distinguished arrivals are often "not much to look at" and by no means lively in their movements—and nowadays we do like to see things move! But, as a matter of fact, these disappointing captives are often most extraordinarily interesting, if only they are looked at in the right perspective—a difficult thing to do, unless one knows something about the family history of the creature, or pauses to consider the why and the wherefore of its shape or coloration.

The two-toed sloth, whose coming to the "Zoo" was announced the other day, affords an admirable illustration of one of these sources of disappointment. All that most people will see will be an almost shapeless mass of hair, hanging to a bough, with its back earthwards. Only a few, probably, will have the good fortune to see any sign of life—that is to say, of movement—in this hairy mass. Yet, for all that, it is one of the most interesting of living creatures; it is a veritable bundle of wonders, outside and inside; and it has a very distinguished ancestry. Let us, then, inspect this curiosity of Nature, either at the "Zoo" or in the accompanying photograph. To begin with, is it not strange that it suspends itself by its feet from the branch, instead of resting on it, after the fashion of all other tree-dwellers? But, whether sleeping or waking, this relation to the tree remains unchanged. It is no temporary attitude. Leaping, walking, or running are activities unknown and unattainable. To this mode of life it has been slowly moulded, and no other is now possible.

But let us not fall into the error of Buffon, who regarded it as "a creature afflicted by God; one more defect, and it would cease to exist." One more defect! Why, that strange, distorted-looking body is an absolutely beautiful example of "fitness" for this peculiar mode of life. It has never known any other; and we may imagine it filled with pity for the poor creatures called men, who have to stand, and move from place to place, while supporting the whole weight of the body on their hind-legs! Look, again, at that hairy body. As yet its back may have a distinct green hue. That is not the natural colour of the hair, but is due to the presence of minute green algae, which have ensconced themselves within a number of longitudinal grooves, or flutings, peculiar to this hair. Herein grows the alga, causing the body to match the masses of greyish-green "vegetable-lichen" which hang from the branches of the forest trees of Nicaragua, thereby providing a mantle of invisibility against prowling carnivores.

Curiously enough, its cousin, the three-toed sloth, is similarly protected, but after a different fashion. For herein the algae are lodged in transverse cracks in the hair. Why should these different means have

new-comer—the hair will assume its natural colour of a dull greyish-white. How did this singular case of "Symbiosis"—this reciprocal relationship between the



SHOWING THE HOOK-LIKE FORM OF THE FOOT, THE ENORMOUSLY LONG ARM, AND THE STRANGELY TRUNCATED SKULL: THE SKELETON OF THE THREE-TOED SLOTH.—[Photograph by E. J. Manly.]



SUGGESTING THAT THE EXTINCT GIANT SLOTH WAS ONCE SEMI-DOMESTICATED: A PIECE OF SKIN OF THE STRANGE GRYPOTHERIUM—A FRAGMENT FOUND, ROLLED INSIDE OUT, IN A PATAGONIAN CAVE, SHOWING THE BONY NODULES EMBEDDED IN IT.

algae and its host—come about? Each is apparently necessary to the well-being of the other.

Turn we now to the sloth's suspension from the tree. Ages ago it possessed ordinary walking, five-toed feet. That was in the days of the remote ancestors of the sloths, which have a strange history. Then some members of the tribe migrated to the recesses of the forest, and became arboreal. But when, and why, and how they changed from running along the branches, squirrel-fashion, to the acrobatic trick of climbing along them with the body upside down, we shall never know. As a consequence, however, the foot has diminished the number of the toes and profoundly changed its form, since it now takes the guise of a huge hook, armed with great curved claws. The two-toed sloth, or "Unau," takes its name from the fact that it has but two toes on the fore-foot. The arms are enormously long, but the hind-limbs are relatively short.

Other bodily changes have followed on this strange mode of life, though no more than one or two need be mentioned here. Thus the backbone, from the neck tailwards, has increased the normal number of the vertebrae. But now comes a very singular fact.

The normal number of neck-vertebrae in the mammalia is seven: whether we examine a human skeleton or that of a giraffe, we shall find the same number. Now, while the three-toed sloth has increased

this number to nine, its cousin of the two toes has reduced them to six. Since they live under exactly similar conditions, it is difficult to grasp the significance of these strange departures. They feed upon the leaves of trees. Even given this information, it would be difficult to predict the kind of teeth which would be found in the jaws before inspecting them. And our guess would have proved wrong. For they are as singular in structure as the rest of the body. Without entering upon this minute structure, it will suffice to say that they have rather the appearance of blunt pegs than teeth. Their form and structure, however, have been largely determined by the nature of the food they have to chew. I say "largely" advisedly, for in their essential characters they agree with the teeth of their remote ancestors. Their special peculiarities have come about in response to the character of their special food.

The air of mental abstraction which these creatures seem to wear may be due to their topsy-turvy life. They are star-gazers—if they can see much sky through the thick canopy of leaves amid which they dwell. One wonders in what light they regard the parties of gaudy, screaming macaws which every now and then must surround them, and whether they worry themselves when potential enemies are in the neighbourhood. As touching their distinguished and long-extinct ancestors, little can now be said here. But mention must be made of the giant of the family, the Megatherium, which was as big as an elephant, and far less active. It tramped about the forests, pulling down the smaller trees with its huge hands to get at the leaves. When rearing up on its hind-legs for this purpose, its great tail was used as the third leg of a tripod. In the modern sloths the tail has almost vanished.

This giant race lingered on well into our own times. This much is proved by the discovery of remains, in a Patagonian cave, of the creature known as Grypotherium. It has been suggested, indeed, that it was kept in a state of semi-domestication and used as food by the Indians. And this because a large piece of hairy skin was found in this cave which had evidently been removed by human hands, since it had been rolled up, inside out. And the inside of that skin, it may be remarked, was studded with bony nodules. Its larger relative, Glyptodon, had a similarly armoured hide. In this cave were found parts of the skeletons of dozens of these animals, including skulls. And they still showed the remains of gristle, ligaments, and blood. When a piece of the skin was soaked in water, it gave out the characteristic smell of decomposing flesh. Huge balls of dung were also found.

But more than this. The long bones had evidently been split for the sake of the contained marrow. Finally, forks, made from dogs' bones, furnished the proof of human occupation of this cave, the dining-hall of Indians of centuries ago. These giants, slow-thinking and slow-moving, could not hold their own against man. The little sloths, high up in the trees, and cunningly disguised, were out of reach, and have



A REMARKABLE NEWCOMER AT THE "ZOO" THAT LIVES UPSIDE DOWN: THE TWO-TOED SLOTH, OR UNAU.

"The Two-toed Sloth, or 'Unau,' is the dwarfed descendant of a race of giants. It differs in no appreciable way from its three-toed cousin. Why the numbers of the toes should have been thus reduced is at present a mystery, and is likely to remain so."—[Photograph by F. W. Bond.]

come about to effect the same end? Since this alga thrives only in dark, steamy forests, very speedily, if it has not already done so—for I have not yet been able to go and pay my respects to the



A COUSIN OF THE TWO-TOED SLOTH, WITH CURIOUS DIFFERENCES, AS IN THE NUMBER OF NECK-VERTEBRÆ: THE THREE-TOED SLOTH.

"The Three-toed Sloth, for some inexplicable reason, has increased the number of its neck vertebrae from seven to nine, while the two-toed species has reduced them from seven to six. Since both live under exactly the same conditions, these differences are the more puzzling."—[Photograph by F. W. Bond.]

survived to entertain us here in busy London. Even if the two-toed sloth cannot dance the fox-trot to please his visitors, he is worth going to see.

MAMMOTH BONES THAT MADE ELMS GIGANTIC: OXFORD DISCOVERIES.

BY COURTESY OF MR. ROBERT T. GUNTHER, F.L.S., OF MAGDALEN COLLEGE, OXFORD, CURATOR OF THE LEWIS EVANS COLLECTION OF SCIENTIFIC INSTRUMENTS.

"IN the Deer Park of Magdalen College,"

writes Mr. R. T. Gunther, "in a remote corner, some of the elms grow faster and larger than their neighbours. A count of the annual growth-rings of trees that have been felled, or have fallen has shown that the older trees are all much of the same age, having been planted about 1670. Of the giant of the race we have girth measures dating from 1866 and again from 1886, when Oliver Wendell Holmes admired its stately proportions. In 1911 the great tree was blown down in a winter gale, and then only was it realised that it was 143 feet in height, and that its timber contents were greater than those of

any other tree in Britain save one, the Bevis Oak. The subsequent opening of a gravel-pit near the roots has revealed the secret of the well-being of the elms. Some six or eight feet below the surface is the richest bone-bed that has yet been found in Oxford. Here a natural bed of bone manure accounts for the luxuriance of the trees. It has been described as a charnel house of elephant remains. Bones of mammoths lay there, huddled young and old together, and so disposed that it was



FOUND IN A GRAVEL PIT NEAR THE ROOTS OF GREAT ELMS IN THE DEER PARK AT MAGDALEN COLLEGE, OXFORD: BONES OF MAMMOTH, OX, AND HORSE, THE PHOSPHATES FROM WHICH CAUSED THE TREES TO GROW TO A GIGANTIC SIZE.

at one time hoped to re-assemble a considerable part of the skeleton of a single individual, and thus to supply a desideratum in the collections kept in the Oxford Museum. The authorities could not, however, restrain their own ardour for common gravel or the haste of their own labourers, and most of the bones crumbled under the pick before skilled attention could be given. Had the remains been saved—and there was no reason why with care they should not have been—Oxford would now have been the richer in scientific wealth. In many instances it was quite easy to locate a bone by following the ultimate rootlets of the elms. The

roots, greedy after phosphates, ran straight to the bones, and, entering them by the same apertures by which blood-vessels had once entered, they broke up into an infinity of delicate hair-like fibrils in the spongy cancellations in the middle of the bones. This is shown in the photograph of an atlas vertebra of a mammoth. Among the other bones figured are those of *Bos primigenius*, *Elephas primigenius*, *Equus caballus*, and a new species of bear, *Ursus anglicus*, recognised in this deposit for the first time, and now placed in

[Continued below.]

FOR COMPARISON WITH THE BEAR JAW (ADJOINING): A YOUNG HUMAN JAW WITH WISDOM TEETH UNCUT, FOUND AT MAGDALEN COLLEGE, OXFORD.



A NEW SPECIES, AND THE FIRST RECORDED IN OXFORDSHIRE: THE JAW OF A BEAR (*URSUS ANGLICUS*), FOUND IN THE DEER PARK AT MAGDALEN.



STIMULATED IN GROWTH BY PHOSPHATES FROM MAMMOTH AND OTHER BONES NEAR ITS ROOTS: THE GIANT ELM OF MAGDALEN COLLEGE, OXFORD, BEFORE IT WAS BLOWN DOWN.



HOW THE GIANT ELMS OF MAGDALEN GOT THE PHOSPHATES THAT CAUSED THEM TO EXCEED THEIR NEIGHBOURS IN GROWTH: A NECK VERTEBRA OF A MAMMOTH WITH AN ELM ROOTLET THAT HAD PENETRATED IT IN THE SOIL.

Continued.]

the national collection. Near by, too, was found a young human jaw with the wisdom teeth still uncut. Several of the bones have been repaired by Mr. Barlow, at the British Museum, but the greater part of the rest of the material which had been collected with so much difficulty has again been injured through being evicted from a room which had been specially built for such geological researches by one of the founders of the British Association, Dr. Daubeny. The age of the deposit and the situation of the bone bed both render it likely that a careful

examination may yield the implements and even the bones of Palæolithic Man. The unique site in the private grounds of a learned foundation, and the possession of a trust fund and of the Daubeny trust collections for such researches, should justify the hope that future excavations may be undertaken in the interests of science, rather than to renew paths for which gravel without fossil ivory would be good enough." The bear jaw shown above was the subject of a paper contributed by Mr. Gunther to the "Annals and Magazine of Natural History."

Bigelow Among the Big-Wigs: A Caustic Commentary.

"SEVENTY SUMMERS." By POULTNEY BIGELOW.*

AS all the reading world is aware, Mr. H. G. Wells has objected strongly to a personal anecdote in "Seventy Summers." Many will wonder why Mr. Poultny Bigelow has not drawn more fire; for he is nothing if not opinionated, outspoken, and provocative. Constantly, he is scathingly critical and condemnatory—declaiming against "jaw-snapping" politicians and "Napoleonic" men of business, amateur colonels and generals, vivisection, preventive inoculation by "serum-squirt," Roman Catholics, Jews, missionaries of all kinds, bureaucracy, "careering women," and "desiccated prudes." It is evident, in fact, that he is suffering from the disillusion and the intolerance that are apt to come with the years. "'Tis true; 'tis true 'tis pity; and pity 'tis 'tis true!'" He sees the idols fallen, mere milestones by the way.

For all that, for all his native frankness of expression and his call-a-spade-a-spade habit when dealing with certain subjects not generally discussed, his book will be read with the greatest interest. Few have had his opportunities of observation. "My life," he says, "has been painfully free from the adventures that make tales of travel saleable. Cannibals have not roasted me; lions have not sprung upon me; Chinese bandits have not kidnapped me; Malay pirates only smiled as I passed them, and snakes wriggled off into the jungle as I approached." But, at least, it has been full and lived in many places.

As a youngster Mr. Bigelow was in Paris under the Empire; and got into trouble by scattering paper strangely mysterious to powers who knew not "hare-and-hounds" and were responsible for a much-guarded ruler who was said to wear a "bullet-proof corsage."

At West Point, on the Hudson, he was familiar with the famous United States Military Academy when "the cadet 'hops' offered no refreshments except a huge tank of iced water"; when "the band commenced on the stroke of eight, and at ten or thereabouts a drummer made his appearance on the floor, and every dancer dropped his partner and scampered away to quarters. At Boston he heard Dickens read "The Christmas Carol," and he writes of him: "We could see nothing of the reader save an edge of his short beard, and occasionally some of his fingers. But what fingers! Was it Cuvier who could reconstruct any creature from one or two bones? The drama of Scrooge and Marley's ghost became real to me in the mere fingering of Dickens. Was it unconscious or subconscious, or instinct or most studied of theatrical effects? In the twisting of his hands one divined the facial if not moral crookedness of the miserly moneylender. And then those powerful pauses—in the midst of bated breaths—they were as the poisoning aloft of an axe before a crucial blow. What a master of silence! Had he not been so great as a writer, surely as an actor he would have ranked amongst the first."

In 1870 he first saw Berlin, then "merely the capital of Prussia. The streets were paved with cobble-stones over which carts and cabs made a noise like hammering. There was no water-supply save what was pumped from the street corners by hand, and fevers were common. Deep gutters ran beside each roadway, and uniformed men swept the contents daily to convenient points on the canal or the River Spree." More: for nearly two years he was a playmate of him who is

now the Exile of Doorn. "Prince William knew his Fenimore Cooper by heart, and thirsted for games reminiscent of Uncas and Leatherstocking. . . . He never wearied of playing at Indians in the vast park. . . . There was . . . a miniature frigate on real water. . . . She had been given to the father of old Emperor William by the then King of England, William IV. . . . She drew perhaps four feet of water. Her masts and spars and sails were all made to scale. We had no deck to stalk upon, for obvious reasons, and the hal-yards, sheets, etc., all were worked by a crew whose feet were in the bilges. . . . Our crew consisted of a handful of men-o'-war's-men detailed here from Kiel. They huddled along the keelson; cleverly trimming the sails and hauling aft the sheets as the little craft went about, and belaying at the little cleats and coiling down the little ropes—all as nearly according to naval etiquette as the space permitted." Later he was William II.'s guest time and again.

A voyage on a sailing ship was the next experience—with the exchanging of a Papuan God of Plenty for knives, tomahawks, and bangles; shipwreck and Japan in February of 1876, a Japan with only a short eighteen miles of railway, between Tokyo and Yokohama; China without a mile of railway or passable wagon road, with the ashes of the Tai-ping rebellion still hot.

Then, in due course, to other journeyings—home; Cuba at the time of the Spanish-American War; North Africa; Russia, with the inscription at Vilna: "Here Napoleon entered Russia with 600,000 men. Here Napoleon left Russia with 60,000 men"; London; Spain in 1897, when Madrid was wholly innocent of modern sanitary arrangements and had not a single sewer; the Danube; South Africa when, in Johannesburg, "the homes were mainly drinking resorts, dancing-halls, and the like; wood was costly; most of the huts or bungalows were of corrugated iron"; Germany again; Benares; and so on.

The while, of course, many meetings, resulting, as often as not, in drastic summings-up and severe "sentences."

Obviously, Mr. Bigelow believes that one must be for or against: he tolerates no half-way. For a minority he has praise; but he found much frailty amongst the famous when they were in their public-personage phases; and if they did not see eye to eye with him—well, *someone* was wrong!

To Joaquin ("pronounced Walk-eeen by the initiate") Miller he is inclined to be kind, although he recalls him as Cincinnatus Heine Müller. "In Rome," he records, "Hawthorne laid his gentle hand on me—and Pius IX. gave me two fingers' worth of benediction." He was too young to criticise. Mary Anderson is a heroine to him. He has nothing but good of S. S. McClure, and of Henry M. Alden, under

whom *Harper's* was in its glory. Frederic Remington, drawer of horses and cattle, redskins and cowboys and dough-boys, was a crony. Lord Roberts is a hero of heroes, only rivalled by Fukushima, the Japanese officer who rode perilously home from St. Petersburg, through Siberia, noting the possibilities of "water-supply, fodder for cavalry and-artillery, strength of the bridges, condition of the roads, positions proper for defence—in short, the things that matter when an army projects a campaign in a country which is little known"; so that "in the great war (1894) against China, again the world wondered at the way in which the Japanese army managed to move over the identical territory that the young major had mapped out during his pony-ride of the previous year."

And there are others who won approbation—is it not written of "Anthony" Hope "on his lips rested

the enigmatical smile that Leonardo da Vinci immortalised on the Gioconda"?; and of Lady Russell—"a beautiful English girl who now brightens the world by her genius—the author of 'Elizabeth and her German Garden.'"

Mark Twain he reveres—and discussed with the Kaiser. "'Augusta, Augusta!' the Emperor shouted. 'Just think! Mark Twain in Berlin—the great Mark Twain—Huckleberry Finn—Tom Sawyer—Mark Twain! . . . I've read every line of Mark Twain. We must invite him at once—*nicht wahr?* Augusta?'"

"Oom Paul" he found at home, in Pretoria: "From the door on my left came sounds of rough, strong, violent men as though in altercation—also a strong smell of tobacco. Animals do not smoke, else I had suspected roaring lions demanding to be fed. I knocked, but as well whisper against a hurricane. I pushed open the door, and found myself in the midst of a Cabinet meeting presided over by Kruger himself. . . . The Council of State resembled the school trustees' meeting of many an American village; the councillors were in the garb of ranchmen; they had heavy beards and heavy fists. . . . Old Kruger was not appetising. His mouth was discoloured at the corners by much dripping of tobacco-

juice; his waistcoat was a long and broad stain of odds and ends intended originally for internal consumption—mostly coffee, soup, and tincture of nicotine. His clothes in general suggested a campaigner accustomed to fall asleep without waiting for a bed or a change of dress."

Of others of whom he has mild or bitter things to say are the Astors and the Vanderbilts, Mrs. Besant, Andrew Carnegie, Henry Ford (and his Rolls-Royce), Booker Washington, the Duke of Connaught ("an admirable specimen of the British Empire builder"), Phillipe Bunau-Varilla, Richard Harding Davis, Bismarck, Woodrow Wilson, and Theodore Roosevelt. Some of them he chastises with scorpions!

As to Bismarck: "Young Arnim, who succeeded to the title on the death of his father, was playmate of Herbert Bismarck, and at one time a constant visitor in that household. The Bismarcks, he said, were proverbially close-fisted, even for Prussian Junkers. They paid their servants no wages, but after each entertainment the Chancellor's wife gathered all the tips together and divided them. (You may not know that in Berlin it is customary to tip the servants who wait upon you at private entertainments—these tips mounting in value according to the rank of the entertainers.)"

And as to Woodrow Wilson and Theodore Roosevelt, the former, according to Mr. Bigelow, is "would-go Wilson," a "thruster" whose "administration did wonders to help the Kaiser in his plan of world conquest"; while the latter is a self-advertising, Press-cultivating politician bent on nothing but personal power and ready to write for fees, whatever his position at the moment.

Such is the trend of "Seventy Summers." We can but repeat that it will wound—and be read with the greatest interest, even by those who see in it much that is to be condemned. E. H. G.



THE MUCH-DISCUSSED AUTHOR OF "SEVENTY SUMMERS": MR. POULTNEY BIGELOW.

Reproduced from "Seventy Summers," by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Edward Arnold and Co., Ltd.



OBJECTOR TO A PERSONAL ANECDOTE IN "SEVENTY SUMMERS": MR. H. G. WELLS—A CARICATURE BY LOW.

Reproduced by Courtesy of "The New Statesman" and the Artist.



THE AUTHOR AT WHOSE FLAT MR. POULTNEY BIGELOW MET MR. H. G. WELLS: LADY RUSSELL, OF "ELIZABETH AND HER GERMAN GARDEN" FAME.

Photograph by Hugh Cecil.

* "Seventy Summers." By Poultny Bigelow. (Two Vols; Edward Arnold and Co.; 32s. net.)

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF WINTER SPORT: SKETCHES IN THE ALPS.

DRAWN BY REGINALD CLEAVER.



HUMOURS OF SKI-ING, CURLING, AND TOBOGGANING: LEAVES FROM AN ARTIST'S SKETCH-BOOK IN SWITZERLAND.

Winter sport, as shown in these delightful and amusing sketches, has its comic side, and affords many opportunities to the observant humourist with a pencil. In a note on his drawing, Mr. Reginald Cleaver says: "Each winter sport season seemingly goes one better than its predecessor. There are more people, more varieties of dress—age—nationality, fresh centres, and, presumably, more beds, though, judging by the difficulty of obtaining them—anyway, for Christmas

and January—their increase is not apparent. This season the weather behaved well at the start, providing good snow, frost, and sun, with renewals at required intervals. Then came the 'winter-sporter's' especial enemy, the 'Föhn' wind, warm and wet, damping everything but good-humour. It is a visitation that there is nothing to be done with but just 'slop along.' Fortunately, it is short and infrequent."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

MR. ROBERT COURTNEIDGE AND A FRENCH THEATRE.—A SUGGESTION BY MR. ZANGWILL.

MR. ROBERT COURTNEIDGE, full of youthful enterprise, as is his wont, recently announced that he had commissioned a French version of the charming comedy, "The Unfair Sex," which is gaily running at the Savoy. As English plays, and particularly comedies, are but rarely heard in French, it is an interesting experiment to test how "The Unfair Sex" bears the process of translation. He also

who has ever been a helpful sponsor of French plays in London; he will supply us with such a plethora that we may well call it *embarras de richesse*!

"Well advertised, for in this respect the scheme has always languished, you need have no fear as to the support of the public. The average well-bred Briton loves a French play as dearly as he loves a lord. A French season will, if well engineered, be popular, and,

I feel sure, productive. More than that, it will be an educational force. We are sadly deficient—unless we can afford to spend some time in Paris—in the knowledge of the modern French drama. Many students are eager to acquire it. And we have nothing to hope from translations and adaptations, as in former times. Very rarely translations from the French are heard on our stage in these days, for the reason that they pan out badly. So it has come to pass that the modern French drama that matters is a closed book to us.

"We know more of the Russian and the Scandinavian, the Italian and the Spanish, than of the

French leading authors of the day: Cœre, Cocteau, Sarment—I could bombard you with names, names that are famous all the world over, but mere ciphers to us. Indeed, so much do we wallow in darkness that over and over again I have heard it said by people who ought to know better, 'The French drama of to-day does not matter; it has nothing new to say to us.' What a fallacy! What purblindness engendered by the sterility of Boulevard productions! On the other hand, what of the wonderful work done at the small theatres of Paris where the young generation finds 'open sesame,' and floods the world with new intellectual light? To us all that is a myth—practically non-existent.

"Verily, to give London a French Theatre, not ephemeral, but one to last, will be a godsend, and to the many who study French these days a source of infinite pleasure."

I left Mr. Courtneyidge thinking; anon we will meet again, and go more deeply into the question. I came away with the Dutch feeling—that, the pile had been driven in well! It is now a case of "wait and see"—but dimly in the distance I visualise a reality arising from the thought.

At the delightful banquet of the O.P. Club to the "Young Brigade" of actors, Mr. Zangwill, who responded for the drama, made an

ingenious suggestion. He, like all of us who love the theatre, is all for an institution by the people for the people—in other words, a National Theatre. And he, more practical than many who have pleaded the cause enthusiastically, but rather on castle-in-Spain principles, has discovered a very simple way to find the means without perceptibly adding a burden to the rate- and tax-payer. He contends, very rightly, that the entertainment tax is paid by the playgoer. Managers may try somewhat speciously to contend that the tax means fewer visitors, and that therefore indirectly they pay the piper. But the fact remains indisputable—it is added to the price of admission, and that effectually closes the door to further argument.

Now what would it mean to the National Exchequer if the funds were taken from the revenue of the tax? Given the site, which, it may be remembered, the Labour Government was ready to proffer to the cause—it was on the Embankment, not far from the Tate Gallery—the whole capital needed would hardly make any difference in our annual Budget of countless millions. I forget how much the tax yielded last year, but only a tithe of it would be required to provide the building and the working capital. Say that the edifice, to hold 3000 people, fully equipped with a complete stock of scenery and costumes for the Shakespearean drama, would cost £250,000, which is a fair estimate; one million, in addition, funded at five per cent. per annum, would yield a perennial working capital of £50,000 per annum—a sum amply sufficient to cultivate art for art's sake without any commercial considerations. In brief, if at one fell swoop £1,250,000 were detached from the entertainment tax revenue of one single year, the pious wish of many decades could be realised, and this country would at length have a theatre to establish a tradition and to maintain an *ensemble* growing to perfection by constant collaboration. Of course, the question would arise, who is the man, or the woman, to guide the policy of such an institution? But that will solve itself when the powers that be recognise the utility of a National Theatre, and prevail on the majority to vote a trifle for a great object. In a way, music is already helped by the State, and latterly there has been talk of helping the cinema world in order to compete with foreigners. Indeed, all the arts have directly and indirectly been encouraged with the tax-payer's money. Why must the drama still play the part of Cinderella when the good fairy of Popularity daily increases her sway? I, for one, hope that Mr. Zangwill's idea will not be allowed to evaporate. If ever there was a time to take the tide at the flood, it is now, when in townships and hamlets, in holes and in corners, dramatic life burgeons in such vitality as makes for unstemmable advance.



FILMING A FAMOUS AUTOBIOGRAPHER: THE COUNTESS OF OXFORD AND ASQUITH POSING BEFORE THE CAMERA FOR A NEW PICTURE SERIES, "SECRETS OF HANDWRITING."

decided that all the actors would have to be found in London, and that he would give preference to English artists whose command of French was sufficiently complete.

No sooner was his proposal announced in the Press than applications began to flow in, and by the end of a week there lay in his office no fewer than 200 letters from aspirants, many of them English, some French, Belgian, and Italian. So Mr. Courtneyidge appointed Mr. George de Warfaz, well known as an actor as well as the producer of the French Players, to be his right-hand man and to give an audition to each of the 200 in rotation. The harvest, still in progress—and the cry is "Still they come"—began surprisingly well. The cast of "The Unfair Sex" was completed on the very first day. George de Warfaz himself, Miss Elisabeth Drury, Miss Fabrege, Miss Evelyn Hope, Miss Agate, Mr. Orlando Barnett, Mr. Charles Cook, Mr. Austin Trevor—all these, except Mlle. Fabrege, who gathered laurels at the Vaudeville, are well known on our stage. Most have appeared before in French plays, and the *ensemble* promises well.

There remained the overflow, and the multitude of them not only astonished Mr. Courtneyidge, but inspired him with a happy thought. In a conversation with him, I tried to "lead him on" to a scheme which I have cherished for many years, and have, indeed, been able to realise—in *partibus*. He, as it were, took the words from my mouth. "Why should we not go on?" he said. "Why should we not have a regular French season in London? I have a theatre which during four afternoons a week lies idle. What better use could be made of them than to devote them to French plays, manned by French-speaking English actors, with now and again a distinguished visitor from Paris as an additional attraction?" Thereupon I waxed enthusiastic. "Them be my sentiments, my lord," I said, "and I feel sure that, if you will take the enterprise under your wing, it will meet with all the patronage we need. Your very theatre is a powerful magnet. Hitherto, in the tune of a well-known phrase, we have had the people, we have had the plays, but we have not got the money too. If you will look after the economic side, the rest is easy; we will get the patronage of light and leading, and, surely, of all the Ambassadors of the Latin countries; the actors—we need not recur to that: look at your ever-growing pile: the plays—for those we look to Mr. Henri Bonnaire, the representative of the Société des Auteurs,



FILMING A FAMOUS JUDGE: LORD DARLING BEFORE THE CINEMATOGRAPH CAMERA FOR A NEW SERIES OF PICTURES ENTITLED "SECRETS OF HANDWRITING."

Many eminent people, including Lady Oxford and Asquith and Lord Darling, have been filmed by Mr. W. Harcourt for a British producer, Mr. Widgey R. Newman, for a new series of screen pictures, "Secrets of Handwriting." Among other celebrities filmed were Lady Tree, Dr. Marie Stopes, Sir John Bland-Sutton, Mr. T. P. O'Connor, and Mr. Gilbert Frankau. In this connection we may recall a book we recently noticed, "The Psychology of Handwriting," by Robert Saudek (George Allen and Unwin).—[Photographs by Alfieri.]

THE WORLD'S OLDEST BUILDINGS: NEW DISCOVERIES AT SAKKARA.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF MR. C. M. FIRTH, DIRECTOR OF EXCAVATIONS AT SAKKARA FOR THE EGYPTIAN DEPARTMENT OF ANTIQUITIES.



AS IT WAS BEFORE THE EXCAVATIONS BEGAN: THE FAMOUS STEP PYRAMID AT SAKKARA, THE TOMB OF KING ZOSER, OF THE THIRD DYNASTY (ABOUT 2980-900 B.C.)—A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN FROM AN AEROPLANE.



THE FUNERARY TEMPLE OF KING ZOSER OF THE THIRD DYNASTY, THE OLDEST STONE BUILDING KNOWN IN EGYPT AND PERHAPS IN THE WORLD: A BIRD'S-EYE-VIEW FROM THE TOP OF THE STEP PYRAMID AT SAKKARA.

New discoveries of great interest have been made recently at Sakkara by Mr. C. M. Firth, of the Egyptian Department of Antiquities, who for the last three years has been conducting excavations (illustrated from time to time in our pages) at the base of the famous Step Pyramid, which is the tomb of King Zoser, of the Third Dynasty. "The interest of these buildings," writes Mr. Firth, "is that they are the oldest stone buildings in Egypt and perhaps in the world." In our last issue (for January 23) we gave two photographs of the most important of the recent discoveries, a beautiful colonnade of forty-eight white limestone pillars,

arranged in pairs, forming apparently the main entrance to the pyramid enclosure. There have also been found lately some sculptured heads, a number of wooden statues and statuettes, and a letter written on papyrus, probably dating from the Sixth Dynasty, some 4500 years ago. The air-photograph above shows the Pyramid as it was before the excavations; and the lower one gives a general view of King Zoser's temple as seen from the top of the Pyramid. The whole enclosure containing the Pyramid and the temple was some 500 yards long by 300 yards wide, surrounded by a 23-ft. high wall, parts of which have been found.

A GREAT JOURNEY THROUGH CHINA'S FAR WEST ON THE TIBETAN BORDER : WONDERS OF A FAMOUS MONASTERY.

By H. GORDON THOMPSON, M.D., F.R.C.S. (ENG.)

We draw the attention of our readers to the fact that, at a point indicated below, we have omitted about half of Dr. Gordon Thompson's article, describing the first part of his journey, and propose to use it later as a separate article, along with the photographs that illustrate it. Those belonging to the section here selected appear on several succeeding pages in this number.

IT is a remarkable testimony to the virility of the Chinese that, in spite of the kaleidoscopic changes which are constantly being witnessed in Peking, they manage to keep control, at least in name, of some of the wildest Tibetan tribes on the Chinese side of the border in the far west of China—peoples who are really Tibetan in origin, and who inhabit the high plateaus forming part of the watersheds of the Mekong, Yangtze, and Yellow Rivers. Between the Yangtze and the Yalung, one of its largest tributaries, lies the home of three tribes—the Lengkashi, the Washi, and the Nyarong. The country of the Washi people had not been crossed before by Europeans, and was therefore unknown to Westerners.

It had long been my wish, as a medical missionary, working in the Province of Yunnan, to visit the Tibetan border and see what openings there were for medical itinerations in that direction. With this in view, in 1924 I talked things over with the late Brigadier-General George Pereira, and, as he was also anxious to make another journey in the same direction, we left Yunnan-fu in the month of July for the Tibetan border.

[At this point, as mentioned above, we omit about half of the article, which will appear separately in a later issue. The portion omitted describes the first part of the journey, from Yunnan to Kantse, by way of Likiang and Batang, across the Washi country, and the hardships of camping in the high mountains at altitudes ranging from 13,000 to nearly 16,000 feet. Halfway across this inhospitable region General Pereira was taken ill, and on the night of their arrival at Kantse he died. Dr. Gordon Thompson continues his story as follows.]

After the General had been laid to rest, I decided to continue the journey, aiming to reach the bend of the Yellow River (Hwang Ho) from the south. Between Kantse and the Yellow River is the country of the Goloks, a Tibetan tribe which is reckoned as the fiercest of all the nomads. It is said that all the Goloks are robbers, and that they will rob the luckless traveller, who happens to fall into their hands, of his last shirt. A few years ago the Golok country was entered from the north by the Chinese General Ma-chi who, with great bloodshed, compelled the Goloks and the Golok Queen to

acknowledge a nominal Chinese suzerainty. There was, however, a large part of the Goloks who refused to submit, and these proclaimed their independence, and compelled the Golok Queen—who, they contended, had sold their country—to take refuge in flight.

In order to avoid the country occupied by these "diehards," I turned eastward for some distance and crossed the Golok country at its eastern end, aiming to reach the bend of the Yellow River at a place called Sotsong Gomba. It was difficult in Kantse to obtain a guide, but at last I secured the services of a Muhammadan trader who had been across the country before. A second difficulty was transport. We had hired yaks as pack animals, but

independent of all the amenities of civilisation, and can rove about the country, sleeping at night out in the open, rolled up in his sheepskin great-coat, even with the snow falling thickly around him.

Sotsong Gomba, a lamasery at the bend of the Yellow River, marked the end of the journey through the eastern end of the Golok country, and from this point onward the route led one back to the more civilised parts of China. I made, however, one digression before reaching Lanchow, for I left the main track in order to visit the famous monastery of Labrang. This is one of the largest lamaseries in China. It stands upon the left side of a river, and on the top of the river bank is a row of low sheds stretching

the whole length of the monastery, and containing hundreds of prayer-wheels, which the devout pilgrims turn as they go along the front of the sacred buildings.

There are upwards of 4000 lamas in residence. The present Living Buddha, although the head of the monastery, is only a small boy, and his father is acting as Regent. The Regent received me most kindly, and gave instructions to one of the under-lamas to show me some of the buildings. I was fortunate in being allowed to see the great Chanting Hall, where the lamas, sitting in rows on the cushion mats, chant the sacred books. When the Living Buddha or the Regent is present he sits upon a special raised seat with a low table in front, on which is a bell with which to call order. The pillars of the Chanting Hall are lacquered, and the only light which comes in finds its way through lattice windows near the roof. Each alcove

at the side of the Chanting Hall contains a large image with tables of offerings—the usual row of butter lamps and cups for wine, and in front of each a row of white-looking pyramids, which I discovered were made of snow.

With considerable difficulty I obtained permission to see the private chapel of the Living Buddha, where the little fellow is brought to recite the sacred books. Here again were the snow offerings.

Connected with the monastery is a market place where Muhammadan and Tibetan traders bring their wares to sell to the lamas of the monastery. Here can be seen the trapper with his furs, the Tibetan women with market produce, the Chinese merchant with tea and china-ware, and the lama in his dark red cloak. At the southern end of the monastery is a large white chorten, and as I came away I saw the never-ending stream of pilgrims all walking round the chorten in one specific direction—trying to heap up merit, and impressing one again with the fact that the Tibetan is religious at heart and is groping after the truth.



AN AWKWARD MOUNT, GUIDED BY A SINGLE REIN PASSED THROUGH THE NOSE-RING: TRAVELLING ON A YAK THROUGH PART OF THE GOLOK COUNTRY.

"The yak has a lumbering gait and is somewhat awkward to ride. A single rein, which is used to guide the animal, must be kept taut, otherwise the yak will bolt. The rein passes through the nose-ring."

Photograph by H. Gordon Thompson, M.D., F.R.C.S.

part of the way had to use these lumbering animals for riding.

The Goloks are all perfectly at home in the saddle; they ride the thick-set, hardy Tibetan horses; and they are all armed. Those who have been successful in obtaining a gun always see that it is provided with a two-pronged rest hinged on to the barrel, and the saying is, "A Golok never misses a shot." Many carry a spear eighteen feet long, tipped with an iron point, which is used for offence and defence, while the butt end is used for driving their cattle. A big sheepskin coat (the collar of which will pull up over the owner's head if he does not possess a fur-lined cap), Tibetan top-boots, and occasionally a pair of sheepskin trousers—all with the fur worn on the inside—comprise the Golok's wardrobe.

With a dried leg of mutton fastened to his saddle, a bag of "tsamba," and, if he can afford it, a small quantity of tea in his leather or yak-hair saddle-bag, and with his flint and steel and sheathed knife fastened to a leather thong round his waist, the Golok is

A WEEK'S CRAWL ROUND A SACRED MOUNTAIN: TIBETAN PIETY.

PHOTOGRAPH BY DR. H. GORDON THOMPSON, M.D., F.R.C.S. ENG.



WITH HIS HANDS PROTECTED BY SANDALS: A TIBETAN PILGRIM CRAWLING ROUND ONE OF THE SACRED MOUNTAINS IN THE FAR WEST OF CHINA—THE WHOLE CIRCUIT TAKING SEVEN DAYS.

The remarkable act of devotion here illustrated was one of the most astonishing examples of Tibetan piety witnessed by Dr. Gordon Thompson during his journey through the far west of China, described in his article on page 180 in this number. In a note on the photograph he says: "A Tibetan pilgrim is seen going round

one of the sacred mountains, measuring his length, moving forward, and then lying full length again. His hands are protected by sandals. It would take him seven days to complete his pilgrimage." A similar but less arduous form of "acquiring merit"—by walking round a building—is illustrated on page 182.

THE BOY LIVING-BUDDHA'S HOME: LABRANG MONASTERY AND A DOCTOR'S TIBETAN PATIENTS IN WESTERN CHINA.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY H. GORDON THOMPSON, M.D., F.R.C.S. (ENG.)



1. SHOWING (ON THE EXTREME LEFT) THE HOUSE WHERE THE YOUNG LIVING BUDDHA RESIDES WITH HIS FATHER, AND (IN THE FOREGROUND, FACED BY THE RIVER) LONG GALLERIES CONTAINING HUNDREDS OF PRAYER-WHEELS TURNED BY PILGRIMS AS THEY PASS ALONG THE RIVER FRONT: ONE OF THE LARGEST LAMASERIES IN CHINA, OCCUPIED BY OVER 4000 LAMAS.



2. ACCUMULATING MERIT BY WALKING ROUND THE BUILDING IN A SPECIFIED DIRECTION: A CEASELESS STREAM OF PILGRIMS PASSING ROUND THE CHORTEN, AT THE EXTREME END OF THE BUDDHIST MONASTERY OF LABRANG.



3. DR. GORDON THOMPSON SEEING PATIENTS IN THE COURSE OF HIS JOURNEY IN THE FAR WEST OF CHINA: A STUDY OF FACIAL TYPES AT A MARKET TOWN WHERE HE TREATED OVER 250 PATIENTS DURING A "REST DAY."



4. SHOWING THE RAISED SEAT RESERVED FOR THE LIVING BUDDHA OR THE "REGENT," AND THE LONG CUSHIONS ON WHICH THE 4000 LAMAS SIT: THE GREAT CHANTING HALL IN THE MONASTERY OF LABRANG, WITH ITS FOREST OF LAQUERED PILLARS.

5. WHERE CHINESE MUHAMMADAN TRADERS BRING FURS, TEA, CHINA, AND OTHER GOODS TO SELL TO THE LAMAS AND THE TIBETANS OF THE NEIGHBOURHOOD: THE MARKET PLACE AT LABRANG MONASTERY.

6. THE CHORTEN STANDS AT THE EXTREME END OF LABRANG MONASTERY. ROUND IT A CEASELESS STREAM OF PILGRIMS WAS WALKING IN THE ONE SPECIFIED DIRECTION, WHICH WOULD ACCUMULATE MERIT FOR THEMSELVES AS MEMBERS OF THEIR OWN PARTICULAR SECT. (3) AT THIS PARTICULAR MARKET TOWN OVER 250 PATIENTS WERE SEEN AND TREATED DURING A "REST-DAY," AND THERE CAN BE NO DOUBT THAT MEDICAL MISSIONARY WORK IS ONE OF THE FINEST METHODS FOR PROMOTING GOODWILL AMONG THOSE SEDUCTIVE RACES OF THE EAST. (4) THERE ARE OVER 4000 LAMAS IN THE MONASTERY, AND DURING THE CHANTING OF THE SACRED BOOKS THEY SIT IN ROWS ON THE CUSHIONS SEEN IN THE PICTURE. THE LIVING BUDDHA OR THE REGENT OCCUPIES THE RAISED SEAT, WITH A LOW TABLE IN FRONT, ON WHICH IS A BELL WITH WHICH TO CALL ORDER. (5) MOST OF THE TRADERS IN THE MARKET PLACE AT LABRANG MONASTERY ARE CHINESE MUHAMMADANS, AND THEY BRING FURS, TEA, CHINA, AND OTHER GOODS TO SELL TO THE LAMAS AND THE TIBETANS OF THE NEIGHBOURHOOD."

7. THE LIVING BUDDHA, A YOUNG BOY, RESIDES WITH HIS FATHER IN THE DETACHED HOUSE AT THE EXTREME LEFT OF THE PICTURE. IN THE GALLERIES IN THE FOREGROUND, FACING THE RIVER, ARE HUNDREDS OF PRAYER-WHEELS WHICH ARE TURNED BY THE PILGRIMS AS THEY PASS ALONG THE RIVER FRONT OF THE MONASTERY. (2) THE



"The famous monastery of Labrang," writes Dr. Gordon Thompson in his article on page 180, "is one of the largest lamaseries in China. There are upwards of 4000 lamas in residence. The present Living Buddha, although the head of the monastery, is only a small boy, and his father is acting as Regent. The Regent received me most kindly, and gave instructions to one of the under-lamas to show me some of the buildings. I was fortunate in being allowed to see the great Chanting Hall. The pillars are laquered, and the only light which comes in finds its way through lattice windows near the roof. . . . Connected with the monastery is a market place." Dr. Gordon Thompson supplies the following notes on the above photographs: (1) The Living Buddha, a young boy, resides with his father in the detached house at the extreme left of the picture. In the galleries in the foreground, facing the river, are hundreds of prayer-wheels which are turned by the pilgrims as they pass along the river front of the monastery. (2) The

WITH ALTAR OFFERINGS OF SNOW: THE LIVING BUDDHA'S CHAPEL.

PHOTOGRAPH BY DR. H. GORDON THOMPSON, M.D., F.R.C.S. ENG.



WHERE THE LIVING BUDDHA (A LITTLE BOY) IS BROUGHT TO CHANT THE SACRED BOOKS: HIS PRIVATE CHAPEL AT LABRANG MONASTERY, WITH WHITE CONES OF SNOW, WINE-CUPS, AND BUTTER LAMPS AS OFFERINGS.

The great Buddhist monastery of Labrang is described by Dr. Gordon Thompson in his article on page 180 and illustrated on the double-page of photographs (pages 182 and 183). "Each alcove at the side of the Chanting Hall," he writes, "contains a large image with tables of offerings—the usual row of butter lamps and cups for wine, and in front of each a row of white pyramids, which I discovered were made of snow. With considerable difficulty

I obtained permission to see the private chapel of the Living Buddha." A note on the above photograph says: "Although the present Living Buddha is only a boy, he is brought here to chant the sacred books. The face of the image can be seen, and in front are the usual wine-cups for offerings, and the butter lamps. The white cones are offerings made of snow, probably as a sign of purity. These snow offerings are only renewed every five days."

THE RUSSO-MANCHURIAN DISPUTE: PERSONALITIES IN CHINA.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY INTERNATIONAL NEWSREEL AND WIDE WORLD PHOTOS.



HYMN-SINGING BY TROOPS OF THE "CHRISTIAN GENERAL," FENG YU-HSIANG, WHOM THE RUSSIAN SOVIET GOVERNMENT IS BELIEVED TO SUPPORT AGAINST HIS RIVAL, THE ANTI-BOLSHEVIST CHANG TSO-LIN-OF MANCHURIA (FAVOURED BY JAPAN), WITH A VIEW TO THE BOLSHEVISATION OF CHINA: SOME OF FENG'S SOLDIERS DURING THE SHORT RELIGIOUS SERVICE HELD EVERY MORNING ON PARADE.



FORMERLY AN ANTAGONIST OF CHANG TSO-LIN, BUT NOW CONSIDERED HIS POSSIBLE SUPPORTER: WU PEI-FU (HEAD OF A YANGTSE FEDERATION, WHOM FENG YU-HSIANG DESERTED A YEAR AGO) ENTERTAINING VISITORS AT LOYANG ON HIS FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY.



THE MANCHURIAN WAR LORD, WHO RECENTLY ARRESTED A SOVIET RAILWAY MANAGER AND LATER RELEASED HIM: CHANG TSO-LIN, WITH HIS SON AND BRIG.-GEN. W. D. CONNOR, U.S.A.

The recent dispute between the Russian Soviet Government and Chang Tso-lin, War Lord of Manchuria, over the Chinese Eastern Railway question, which seemed likely to cause a grave situation and possibly war, was reported on January 26 to have been settled. Chang Tso-lin (then preparing a new expedition against the "Christian General," Feng Yu-hsiang, who had captured Tientsin) had arrested the Soviet manager of the railway, A. N. Ivanoff, who was charged with wilfully stopping the railway traffic and thwarting Chinese military movements. Thereupon Moscow sent a Note to Chang Tso-lin, and also to the Peking Government,

demanding the release of Ivanoff and other officials within three days. Later, it was stated that the Soviet Government had "climbed down," and agreed to convey Chinese troops free of charge, as before. Ivanoff and the others were released, and received instructions from Moscow to accept Chang Tso-lin's terms. The Soviet's offer to Peking to send Red troops to help in maintaining peace and order in the Eastern Railway zone was considered an attempt to support Feng against Chang, who is strongly anti-Bolshevist. It is thought in Japan that Moscow and Peking are co-operating to eliminate Chang.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY S. AND G., PHOTOPRESS, DOUGLAS, LAFAYETTE, E. AND F., AND DALY.



THE INTERNATIONAL RUGBY FOOTBALL MATCH AT BELFAST: THE FRENCH TEAM, WHICH WAS DEFEATED BY IRELAND (ELEVEN POINTS TO NIL).



MENTIONED IN CONNECTION WITH A POSSIBLE COMMISSION OF INQUIRY IN INDIA: THE MAHARAJAH OF INDORE.



THE INTERNATIONAL RUGBY FOOTBALL MATCH: THE IRISH TEAM, WHICH BEAT FRANCE BY A GOAL, A PENALTY GOAL, AND A TRY.



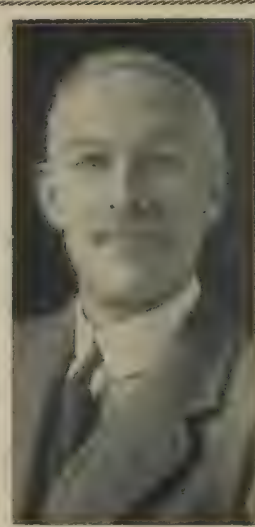
AUTHOR OF "ARABIA DESERTA": THE LATE MR. C. M. DOUGHTY.



A MUCH-DISCUSSSED MEDICAL MAN: THE LATE DR. ROBERT BELL.



THE WEMBLEY HONOURS: LADY GALWAY (CREATED A C.B.E.; CIVIL DIVISION).



M.P. (CONSERVATIVE) FOR DARLINGTON: THE LATE MR. W. E. PEASE.



WELL KNOWN IN THE DIPLOMATIC SERVICE: THE LATE SIR WILLIAM H. DOVETON HAGGARD.



DEFEATED BY MISS HELEN WILLS, AT CANNES: MLE. VLASTO, OF FRANCE.



WITH FURNITURE FROM HER BURNT-OUT HOME, CROWE HALL, BATH: MME. SARAH GRAND, THE WELL-KNOWN NOVELIST.



AFTER SUZANNE LENGLEN, THE MOST-DISCUSSSED LAWN-TENNIS PLAYER: MISS HELEN WILLS.

The "Daily Mail" stated on January 26 that it had been informed that an important decision by Lord Reading, the Viceroy of India, respecting the alleged association of the Court of the Maharajah of Indore with the attempted abduction of the dancing girl, Mumtaz Begum, whose protector, Mr. Bawla, a rich Indian merchant, was murdered whilst they were motoring together on Malabar Hill, Bombay, would be issued officially almost immediately, and that it was expected that an inquiry by a Special Commission would be held in India.—Mr. Doughty, who died on the night of January 20, at the age of eighty-two, made an epoch in the history of exploration with the journey in Nearer Arabia

which he began in 1876, an adventure which resulted in that very famous book, "Travels in Arabia Deserta."—Dr. Robert Bell was known, more especially, for his claim that he had prevented cancer, and even cured it by methods other than surgical.—Lady Galway was Chairman of the Women's Section of the British Empire Exhibition.—Mr. Pease was Chairman of the Durham County Unionist Association.—Sir William Haggard, who was the brother of Sir Rider Haggard, the novelist, entered the Diplomatic Service in 1869.—Mme. Sarah Grand, who is the Mayoress of Bath, resided at Crowe Hall, with Miss Tindall. Most unfortunately, Miss Florence Allen, the cook, was burnt to death when the house caught fire last week.

SPARROWS v. SQUIRRELS; AND THE "ZOO'S" "BEST BRAIN."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PHOTOPRESS AND G.P.A.



THE BATTLE BETWEEN THE SPARROWS AND THE SQUIRRELS: SPARROWS ATTACKING A GREY SQUIRREL IN REGENT'S PARK, IN ORDER TO SECURE COVETED MORSELS FOR THEMSELVES.



"THE BEST BRAIN IN THE 'ZOO'": THE LATE "ARTHUR," THE CHIMPANZEE, DRESSED FOR TENNIS!

During the recent spell of cold weather, London sparrows showed their famous "cheek" once more by "holding-up" grey squirrels in Regent's Park; combining to peck at the enemy until they were driven away or had to stand aside and allow the most coveted morsels of food to be snapped up by the feathered army.— It has been said of "Arthur" the famous chimpanzee, who died on January 25, from pneumonia, after four days' illness, that he had "the best brain in the 'Zoo.'" As a patient "Arthur" was a model, doing everything that he was told, and he got so used to the hypodermic needle that he began to stretch out his leg for the treatment! He was, as we have noted, particularly intelligent, and "L. G. M.," of the "Daily Mail," told, only the other day, how, if he first made a mistake in putting on clothes, he would almost immediately realise his error and correct it. He could handle playing cards in the normal way, and use a knife and fork. "Given a bunch of keys, 'Arthur' would try one after another in the padlock of his cage until he found the right one and opened the door. With a hammer and nails he could do as well as an average child. ('Arthur' was right-handed, by the way)."



VERY HUMAN: "ARTHUR," WITH NAPKIN AT NECK, USING A KNIFE AND FORK DURING A MEAL AT THE "ZOO."



ON A FIFTH OF NOVEMBER: "ARTHUR!" FINDING USE FOR GUY FAWKES MASKS!



THE PRINCE.

THE LATEST PHOTOGRAPH OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Since his return from his last great tour, to West and South Africa and South America, the Prince of Wales has been having a comparatively restful time at home. How well deserved his rest has been can be understood from Mr. Ralph Deakin's book describing the tour—"Southward Ho!" (Methuen), wherein we read: "Besides the physical fatigue incident to a journey of 35,000 miles under all sorts

of conditions and climates, the Prince had a constant round of ceremonial and social duties to discharge. Fortunately for his mission and himself, temperament, as well as training, qualified him to bear the strain with apparent ease. He had the happy gift of putting men at their ease. . . . His charm was an enviable and an infectious thing."

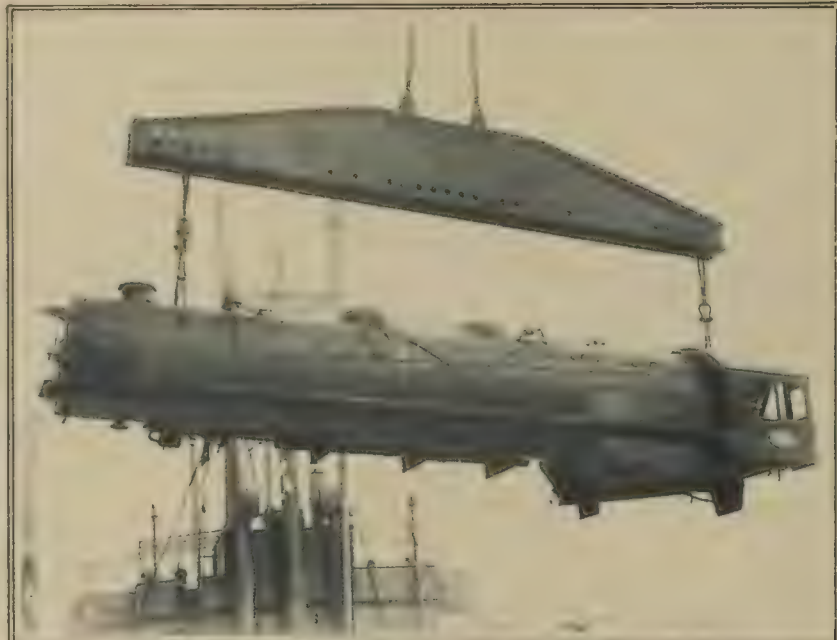
PHOTOGRAPH BY: FOULSHAM AND BANFIELD, LTD.

THE CAMERA AS RECORDER: PHOTOGRAPHS OF INTERESTING OCCASIONS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CENTRAL PRESS, TOPICAL, AND P. AND A.



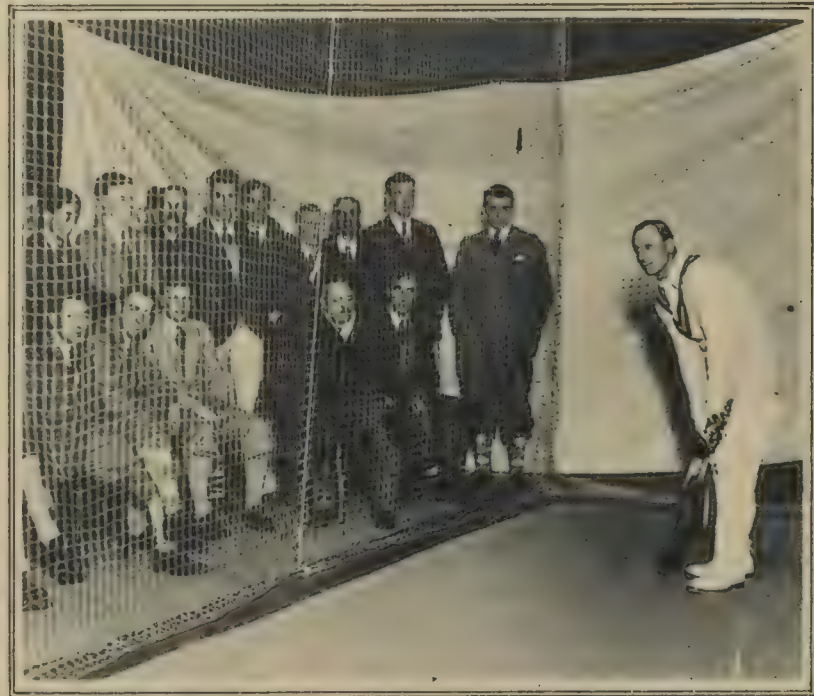
PLAYED ON TO THE FIELD BY PIPERS: THE PARIS POLICE (IN FRONT) AND LONDON POLICE "RUGGER" TEAMS ABOUT TO BEGIN THEIR MATCH (WON BY LONDON) AT BLACKHEATH.



THE LARGEST TYPE OF SINGLE LOCOMOTIVE BUILT IN THIS COUNTRY: ONE OF FOURTEEN ENGINES FOR THE SOUTH AUSTRALIAN RAILWAYS, WEIGHING 218 TONS, BEING SHIPPED AT THE ELSWICK WORKS OF ARMSTRONG, WHITWORTH.



A WAR MEMORIAL ARCH TO ULSTER "RUGGER" PLAYERS: DURHAM LIGHT INFANTRY BUGLERS SOUNDING THE "LAST POST" AFTER THE UNVEILING AT RAVENHILL, BELFAST.



THE MOST FAMOUS OF LIVING CRICKETERS OPENS THE NEW INDOOR CRICKET SCHOOL AT OXFORD: JACK HOBBS ABOUT TO PLAY THE FIRST BALL.



EDUCATION BY RADIO: A CLASS AT A WOLVERHAMPTON SCHOOL LISTENING TO A BROADCAST LECTURE ON THE CARIBBEAN SEA THROUGH A LOUD-SPEAKER.

The "Rugger" team of the Paris Police, a number of whom recently visited London, played their annual match against the Metropolitan Police, at Rectory Field, Blackheath, on January 21. The London Police won by 1 dropped goal, 1 penalty goal, and 1 try (10 points) to 1 try (3 points). The game was watched by about 3000 spectators, and the teams were played on to the field by a band of pipers:—Messrs. Armstrong, Whitworth and Co. recently began shipping from their Elswick Works, Newcastle-on-Tyne, fourteen locomotives built for the South Australian Railways. The photograph shows one of the Mountain type, weighing



THE DEVELOPMENT OF ELECTRICAL POWER IN RUSSIA: A GROUP OF MOSCOW PEOPLE STUDYING A MODEL RELIEF MAP OF A NEW ELECTRICITY SCHEME.

218 tons—the largest single locomotive built in this country—being hoisted aboard the S.S. "Beldis." The frame and the boiler had to be lifted separately.—A memorial arch to Ulster Rugby footballers who fell in the war was unveiled recently at Ravenhill, Belfast, by Mr. F. J. Strain, President of the Irish Rugby Football Union.—Jack Hobbs, the famous Surrey and England batsman, played the first ball at the opening of Oxford's Indoor Cricket School for University, city, and county cricketers.—At the Binley Schools, Wolverhampton, the pupils listen every week to a lecture broadcast from Birmingham.

PLACES IN THE PUBLIC EYE: HOME SCENES; AND AN EMPIRE PROJECT.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STANLEY SUTTON, SPORT AND GENERAL, PHOTOPRESS, AND LOCK AND WHITFIELD.



THE EARLIEST-KNOWN PAINTING OF STONEHENGE RECENTLY COME TO LIGHT: A 1730 PICTURE, SHOWING STONES STANDING THAT HAVE SINCE BEEN OVERTHROWN.



A NORFOLK MANSION CONVERTED INTO AN AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE FOR EDUCATED EMIGRANTS TO AUSTRALIA: LYNFORD HALL—GARDENS, LAKE, AND PARK.



BEQUEATHED TO THE NATION BY MR. AND MRS. W. R. REID, WITH ITS GROUNDS, ART TREASURES, AND INVESTMENTS OF £36,000: LAURISTON CASTLE, CRAMOND, EDINBURGH.



AT LYNFORD HALL, NOW KNOWN AS THE AUSTRALIAN FARMS TRAINING COLLEGE: THE BEAUTIFUL VISTA AVENUE ON THE ESTATE.



AN ADDITION TO DOCKING RESOURCES IN HOME WATERS: A HUGE FLOATING DOCK WHICH HAS RECENTLY BEEN MOORED IN POSITION AT DEVONPORT.

In sending us the above photograph of the earliest-known painting of Stonehenge, Mr. Henry H. Bates, of Salisbury, writes: "I have just purchased it from a Wiltshire village. It is dated 1730. There is no painting of the stones of an earlier date, and it is of particular interest as showing stones standing which afterwards were overthrown. Experts who have seen it consider it of great interest."—Lauriston Castle, in Scotland, has been bequeathed to the nation under the wills of the late Mr. W. R. Reid and his wife, who died recently, with its contents—furniture and art treasures—and investments amounting to £36,000.—



WHERE THE PRINCE OF WALES ATTENDED A HUNT BALL: THE BALL-ROOM AT LYNFORD HALL, NOW THE AUSTRALIAN FARMS TRAINING COLLEGE.

Lynford Hall, near Mundford, and its 1000-acres estate have been acquired by Mr. R. Tilden Smith, and converted into a training farm for young public-school and university men who wish to settle in Australia. The Hall is now known as the Australian Farms Training College, and the Principal is Mr. H. W. Potts, late head of the Hawkesbury Agricultural College, New South Wales. The first six-months course is just beginning. The object is both to test the fitness of prospective emigrants, and to provide Australia with the best type of trained settler. Australian farming conditions are reproduced as closely as possible.

FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK: NEW ITEMS OF TOPICAL INTEREST.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N., SPORT AND GENERAL, TOPICAL, AND L.N.A.



AN EASTERN PARALLEL TO THE CHATEAU FRONTENAC FIRE (SEE PAGE 193): THE BURNING OF THE HONG-KONG HOTEL — FIREMEN PLAYING HOSES ON THE FIRE.



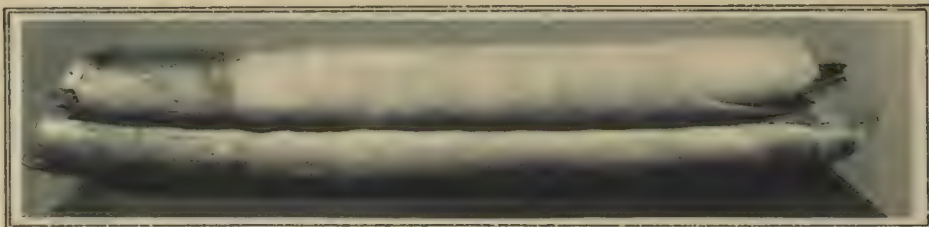
THE EX-KHEDIVE OF EGYPT AS YACHTSMAN AND DOG-LOVER: ABBAS HILMI ABOARD HIS YACHT "NIMET ALLAH" (WHICH FLIES THE TURKISH FLAG) AT NICE.



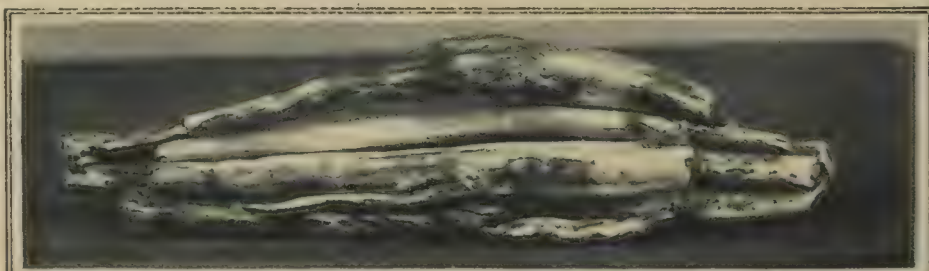
THE REMARKABLE FRENCH SORCERY CASE: THE ABBÉ DESNOYERS, CURÉ OF BOMBON (WHO WAS FLOGGED BY FANATICS) WITH HIS COUNSEL AND WITNESSES.



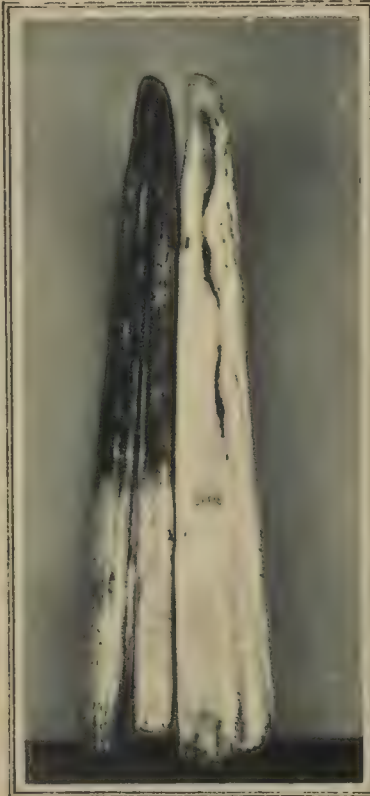
THE QUESTION OF FOUR-TUSKED ELEPHANTS: A DOUBLE TUSK, SEPARATED INTO TWO OF UNEQUAL SIZE.



OF INTEREST IN CONNECTION WITH THE RECENT DISCUSSION OF FOUR-TUSKED ELEPHANTS: A DOUBLE TUSK, AT THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS.



A REMARKABLE EXAMPLE OF ELEPHANT TUSK DEVELOPMENT PRESERVED AT THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS: A MULTIPLE TUSK.



BELIEVED TO MAKE THE ELEPHANT LEADER OF THE HERD: A DOUBLE TUSK, AT THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS.



NOW IN CHARGE OF THE OFFICE OF WORKS AS ANCIENT MONUMENTS: TWO 1000-YEAR-OLD "CROSSES" AT SANDBACH, CHESHIRE, WHICH AMERICANS HAVE TRIED TO BUY.



DEMONSTRATING HOW GOLDFISH CAN LIVE IN WATER SEPARATED FROM OIL: MR. H. J. HOLFORD, INVENTOR OF A NEW SEPARATING APPLIANCE, THE H. & H. DEHYDRATOR.



A REAL AMERICAN EAGLE: MR. JAMES R. GILLEN, OF AMBLER, PA., WITH THE GOLDEN EAGLE HE CAUGHT AT FORT WASHINGTON BATTERED IN A GALE.

Half of the Hong-Kong Hotel, the chief one in the colony, was destroyed by fire on Jan. 1. The damage was estimated at £500,000. There were no casualties among guests.—The Abbé Desnoyers, the much-respected Curé of Bombon, Seine-et-Marne, was attacked by fanatics (2 men and 10 women), who bound, gagged, and flogged him, in his church on January 3. The trial of his assailants came on at Melun on January 24. They belong to the sect of Notre-Dame-des-Pleurs, and believed that he was a sorcerer, possessed of a devil, and had cast evil spells on their leader, a Mme. Mesmin, and other members of the sect.—

There has recently been much correspondence in the Press about four-tuske elephants. Mr. Tracy Phillips, who saw one on the Congo-Nile Divide last year said: "Four-tuske elephants are stated to be invariably leaders of herds, and the objects of peculiar care and attention on the part of the other members. . . . The second pair of tusks are sometimes close but separate growths from the root. In others they appear to be solid but separated excrescences on the main tusks."—Mr. H. J. Holford has invented a new appliance for separating oil from water, required in oil-burning ships. He demonstrated it recently at Shirley.

AT HOME AND ABROAD: EVENTS IN FLORENCE, LONDON, AND QUEBEC.

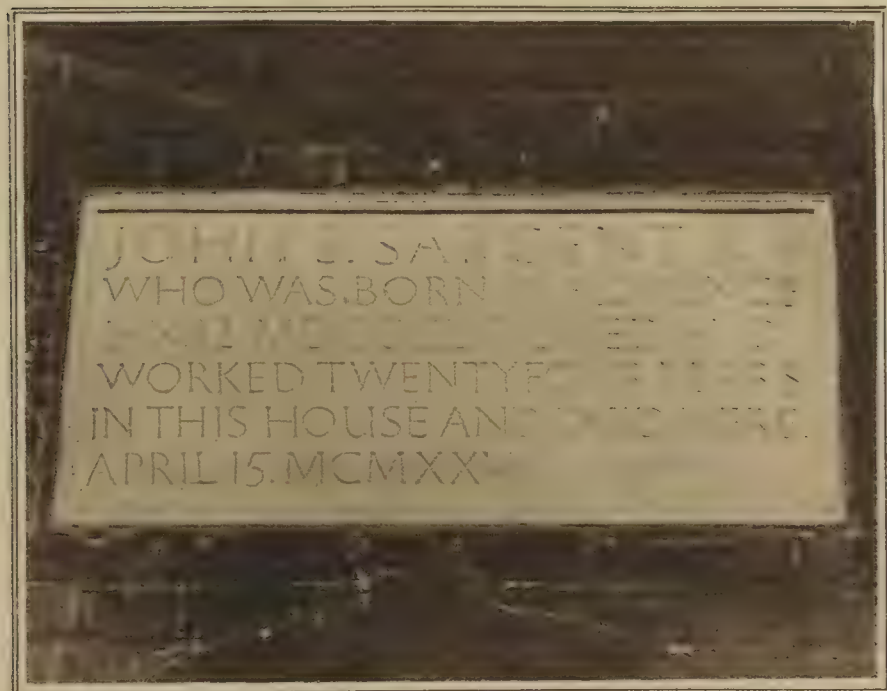
PHOTOGRAPHS BY MISS VAN DER VEER, G.P.U., AND TOPICAL.



FLORENCE UNDER AN UNUSUAL FALL OF SNOW: THE PIAZZA DELLA SIGNORIA, WITH THE PALAZZO VECCHIO AND THE FOUNTAIN OF NEPTUNE.



SNOW AT FLORENCE: MICHAEL ANGELO'S "DAVID," AND BEYOND (L. TO R.) THE TOWER OF THE PALAZZO VECCHIO, CAMPANILE AND DOME OF THE DUOMO, AND SPIRE OF SANTA CROCE.



COMMEMORATING SARGENT'S BIRTH AT FLORENCE AND HIS TWENTY-FOUR-YEARS' RESIDENCE IN LONDON: THE MEMORIAL PLAQUE ON HIS CHELSEA HOME.



WITH THE MEMORIAL PLAQUE ON THE WALL (ABOVE THE ROUND WINDOW): NO. 31, TITE STREET, CHELSEA, WHERE SARGENT LIVED AND DIED.



FIRE AT A WORLD-FAMOUS CANADIAN HOTEL: THE BURNING OF THE OLD PART OF THE CHATEAU FRONTENAC AT QUEBEC.

Italy recently experienced an unprecedented snowfall, and the whole country was covered as far south as Naples. The snow on the smoking crater of Mt. Vesuvius was illustrated in our last issue. Here we show unusual snow scenes at Florence. In the foreground of the second photograph is Michael Angelo's masterpiece, the bronze statue of David, which has been called "the perfect man," standing, amid a white wilderness, on heights above the city. In the background (to the left of the statue) are seen the dome of the Duomo, with the top of Giotto's Campanile, and (further to left) the tower of the Palazzo Vecchio. To the right of



AFTER THE GREAT FIRE AT THE CHATEAU FRONTENAC: THE GUTTED PORTION OF THE HOTEL, WITH DAMAGE ESTIMATED AT \$400,000.

the statue is the spire of Santa Croce.—The late John S. Sargent, R.A., the famous painter, was born at Florence on January 12, 1856, as recorded on the plaque recently placed on his house in Tite Street, Chelsea, where he had lived for the last twenty-four years, and died on April 15 last.—The old part of the Chateau Frontenac at Quebec, one of the most famous hotels in America, was destroyed by fire (as noted in our last issue) on January 14. The damage was estimated at \$400,000. No lives were lost, and the new portion of the building fortunately escaped destruction.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

ALL sorts and conditions of scribes come up for judgment in the reviewer's court. He sits aloft in his garret, in glorious anonymity, and with inkhorn and quill dispenses equal justice to rich and poor. He must be no respecter of persons; he must regard royalty itself no more than authors' royalties; he may sentence to oblivion a literary peer or let a Lord Chancellor off with a caution. Yet the critic is really not such an autocrat as he seems; he is but a Christopher Sly dressed in a little brief authority; he is subject to sinister and lurking powers. There is, for example, a law of libel; there is also a decoration known as the Order of the Boot.

It is an awesome thing to review a work by a Minister of the Crown and an ex-Lord Chancellor, such as "FOURTEEN ENGLISH JUDGES," by the Right Hon. the Earl of Birkenhead, P.C., D.L.; Secretary of State for India, Lord Rector of Glasgow University, High Steward of Oxford University, Honorary Fellow of Wadham and Merton Colleges. With fifteen half-tone plates (Cassell; 25s. net). The first question that occurs to me, in connection with this very readable and instructive book, is whether there is any particular virtue or symbolic meaning in the number fourteen, or whether its choice was merely fortuitous. The worthy Brewer tells me that fourteen is a significant number in French history, and also that there is a character in Basque legend named Fourteen, who could do the work of fourteen men, but also had the appetite of fourteen men. Have we, then, a cryptic allusion to the eating of dinners, or was the figure selected in reference to the feast of St. Valentine? There is some support for the last explanation from a statement in the chapter on Sir James Stephen, that "he had an imperative need to earn money, having, as is the delightful custom of the Bar, married for love at an early age."

Lord Birkenhead himself does not enlighten us on the point. "One or two newspaper critics of my articles," he says, "have invited me to set out a list in the order of their greatness of the Judges whom I most admired. The task would be rather like that of suggesting the strongest cricket side that could be formed if you were allowed a selection from all the cricketers who have ever played that game in Great Britain or in Australia . . . but I have not included in this volume the fourteen Judges whom I study merely in obedience to a strict appraisal of judicial quality." In a not improbable further volume, however, to be known as "More English Judges," he promises to attempt a list of the ten greatest in order of merit. In arraigning the present fourteen at the bar of biography, he has had three objects in view—first, to set forth simply about each (in J. K. Stephen's phrase) "the facts of his career"; secondly, to describe the man's personality; and thirdly, to estimate his professional value. This last section, which takes the form, at the end of each memoir, of numerous lucid summaries of cases in which the particular Judge took part, involved enormous research. Here Lord Birkenhead acknowledges the help of "one of the most learned members of the English Bar," Mr. Roland Burrows. "He has sifted and examined hundreds, perhaps thousands, of cases in the year books and in the Law Reports."

Briefly, Lord Birkenhead's "scratch" team, in the order of going in, is as follows: Bacon, Coke, Hale, Jeffreys (of "Bloody Assizes" infamy), Holt, Somers, Hardwicke, Mansfield, Blackstone (of the "Commentaries"), Eldon, Westbury (who "dismissed Hell with costs"), Cairns, Stephen (father of J. K. S., the Cambridge poet), and Halsbury.

Of the fourteen I like best the personality of Sir John Holt. Each memoir is accompanied by a portrait, and that of the author as Lord Chancellor, by Mr. Glyn Philpot, forms the frontispiece. There is a general index as well as an index of cases. Manifestly the book will be of great value to the student of legal history. As a very general reader myself, who has hitherto escaped the clutches of

the Law, I confess to having now fallen into them by a surrender to the arresting appeal of Lord Birkenhead's pages. Though necessarily a grave and dignified work, on matters that do not lend themselves to the lighter coruscations of legal wit and humour, it does not lack the charm of anecdote, literary allusion, or personal reminiscence. Nor does the author disdain to quote, as characteristic of Coke, a line from the Chancellor's song in "Iolanthe"—

The law is the true embodiment
Of everything that's excellent;
It has no kind of fault or flaw;
And I, my Lords, embody the Law.

I know not who it was that said, "*De minimis non curat lex*," but, whoever it was, I am confident he erred, for nothing in this book impresses me more than the way in which (as shown in many of the cases cited) the whole majesty and intellect of the law is often brought to bear on small things as on great. Mr. Chesterton has recently suggested in "Our Note-Book," that the elucidation of historical mysteries, such as the murders of Sir Thomas Overbury and Sir Edmundbury Godfrey, would make a



A SHAKESPEARE REHEARSAL IN MODERN DRESS AT OXFORD: A SCENE FROM "HENRY IV., PART II., TO BE PRODUCED SHORTLY BY THE O.U.D.S.

Members of the O.U.D.S. (Oxford University Dramatic Society) are here seen rehearsing for their production, on February 9, of Shakespeare's "Henry IV., Part II., as their annual winter play, at the New Theatre. On the left is Mr. Bridges Adams, who is acting as producer. He is well known for his artistic productions for the Shakespearean festivals at Stratford-on-Avon since the war. Our correspondent does not state what scene is in progress, or the names of the players.

refreshing change from detective fiction. Lord Birkenhead, who mentions both these cases, might consider this theme worthy of his pen.

An allusion, in his chapter on Lord Hardwicke, to the Fleet and the Marshalsea, and the general conditions of debtors' prisons in 1730, more than a century before the appearance of "Pickwick" and "Little Dorrit," affords a link of association with the next book on my list, namely, "THE DAYS OF DICKENS": A Glance at Some Aspects of Early Victorian Life in London. Illustrated. By Arthur L. Hayward (Routledge; 15s. net). The author draws a vivid and vivacious picture of a social period which now seems very far away, although its later phases are well within living memory. The book describes Victorian life in town and country, theatres and entertainments, travel and industry, and typical songs of the time. It teems with personal incidents and anecdotes. Although Dickens has been adopted as the eponymous hero of his epoch, the story is by no means restricted to his creations, and, in fact, the title is in this respect a little misleading. "It would be impossible," says Mr. Hayward, "to enumerate the sources from which my medley of facts has been gleaned. They include newspapers, memoirs, diaries, commonplace books, casual references here, topical jokes there, and throughout all the inexhaustible fund of Victorian odds and ends to be found in *The Illustrated London News* and *Punch*."

For all the cheeriness of Dickens, I do not think that anyone can read this book without feeling that the present, in spite of its drawbacks, is a great improvement on the past. The early Victorian age was a nightmare industrially, aesthetically, and sartorially. Those disposed to lament the "good old days" can hardly be aware of the appalling facts about the conditions in mine and factory,

and the cruelties of child labour, recorded by Mr. Hayward in "A Chapter of Horrors." There was no false sentiment in Hood's "Song of the Shirt," or in Mrs. Browning's "Cry of the Children." Kingsley's story of Tom the chimney sweep, in "The Water Babies," was a much idealised picture of persecuted boyhood. This chapter emphasises what Labour owes to the great Lord Shaftesbury.

There are points of contact with both the above-mentioned volumes in "HISTORY WITH A SKETCH BOOK," written and illustrated by Donald Maxwell (The Bodley Head; 7s. 6d. net). The author's allusion to the Baconian theory reminds me that Lord Birkenhead has not referred to that question in his chapter on Bacon. Mr. Maxwell lives at Rochester, in the heart of the Dickens country, and though he is concerned with earlier periods—pre-historic, Roman, and mediæval—he could hardly avoid at least one Dickensian allusion. It occurs in a chapter on the former vineyards of Kent, describing his "discovery" of the "delectable mountains" near Cobham. "I am amazed," he writes, "at the El Dorado, pictorial and historical, which I have discovered. There is nothing

new under the sun—and I use the word *discovered* in a very Pickwickian sense (and suitably as we are within a mile or so of the Leather Bottle at Cobham)—for I do not suppose that one fact in my account of this valley of mystery was unknown before. But I can claim to have woven together a sequence of facts; so that the story of the vanished village of Dode will appear in a new light and lead to further exploration by others."

Village history is much under discussion at the moment, and Mr. Maxwell, with his wide experience in topographical adventure, his *flair* for traces of the past in landscape, and his equal skill with pen and pencil, would, I think, be an ideal person to treat the subject on a large scale. The little book under notice, and its delightful drawings, recalls the fact that Kent and Surrey were once the "black country" of England, filled with iron-mines, blast furnaces, and what Ruskin called "bellowing

fire." Though iron is still abundant in the Weald, the use of coal instead of wood-charcoal for smelting closed down the Wealden iron-works, and sent the trade north. Old slag-heaps are now "delightful larch-covered ridges," and the former "black country" has become "a land of primrose-carpeted woodland and green fields." Perhaps, with the projected development of electrical power, the present "black country" of the Midlands and the North may in time be similarly transformed.

Mr. Maxwell tells us, too, of the old weaving industry of Kent, introduced from Flanders by Edward III., through the influence of his wife, Philippa of Hainault. In those days it was a felony to wear any cloth but that made in England, or to wear furs. Having myself some Huguenot blood, I am particularly interested in Mr. Maxwell's account of the old silk industry of Essex, brought over by fugitives from France. Again, I should like to have had his company last Easter, when I walked from Seaford to Cuckmere Haven and Alfriston, and to have heard the story (then unknown to me) of the old smugglers who regarded Alfriston as their "Mecca," and the Cuckmere as their "sacred river."

By way of the Roman roads in Britain, described by Mr. Maxwell, it is a natural transition to pass from the treatment of history with a sketch-book to that of archaeology with a camera. A good example of the latter method has just come to hand from Germany, in the form of a "NEW GUIDE TO POMPEII," by Wilhelm Engelmann (Leipzig: Engelmann. Paper, 3s.; cloth, 5s.). Though the English translation has a slightly Teutonic flavour, notably in spelling, as in "Juppiter" and "Bacchantesses," the little book is useful as giving a detailed account of the latest discoveries, with abundance of photographs and plans. The recent activity of Vesuvius lends a topical interest to these wonderful relics of the Roman city overwhelmed by the eruption of A.D. 79.—C. E. B.

QUENCHED BY STRIKES, BUT RE-LIT: BELGIAN FIRES OF INDUSTRY.

FROM THE LITHOGRAPH BY JOSEPH PENNELL. (COPYRIGHT IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.)



"THE LAKE OF FIRE, CHARLEROI," BY JOSEPH PENNELL: A DANTESQUE VISION OF THE GREAT IRON-WORKS INDUSTRY OF BELGIUM, WHERE MANY BLAST FURNACES HAVE BEEN RE-LIT AFTER A PROTRACTED STRIKE.

This impressive drawing by Mr. Joseph Pennell, one of the first among modern masters to perceive and portray the grandeur of industrial scenes and architecture, is of particular interest at present in connection with the long-continued strike in the Belgian iron-works district, which has been going on since last June. It was stated a few days ago that many of the blast furnaces have now been re-lit, and the strike was believed to be ending, but that the metal-

workers' union of the Charleroi Basin was trying to prevent the resumption of work. On January 21 there was a parade of about 6000 strikers in Charleroi, and men returning to work had to pass between crowds of strikers lining the approaches to factories and noting their names. Charleroi, on the Sambre, has coal-mines, iron-works, and glass-works, employing some 40,000 people. In 1914 the Germans occupied the town, and there was fierce street fighting.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

THE Marchioness of Normanby has let her house in Eaton Square until Easter, and will not be in town to stay until the season proper. The elder of her two girls, Lady Katharine Phipps, came of age this month, and the presentation of a handsome silver toilette set was made to her by the tenants and employees at Mulgrave Castle. The Earl of Mulgrave, the only son, will be fourteen in July. Lord Normanby, as a young man, was not strong. He was Vicar of Worsley, near the home of his sister, now the Dowager Countess of Ellesmere. He was greatly beloved by the miners, but wintered abroad, where he was English Chaplain for many years at San Remo. He was a rigid teetotaler and an enthusiastic fisherman. Although it cannot be realised by his appearance, he will be eighty in August. He did not marry until he was forty-seven, and Lady Normanby is yet in the prime of life. She is the youngest daughter and co-heir of the late J. J. Foster, of Moor Park, Salop, a very wealthy man. Her sister married Lord Inchiquin in 1896. Lady Normanby is very kind and good to those near Mulgrave Castle, and is greatly beloved. Her boy is a specially precious possession, for Lord Normanby's elder nephew, the son of Lord and Lady Henry Phipps, died on active service. The younger may have boys, but they are rare in the direct line of the family.



THE CHATELAINE OF MULGRAVE CASTLE: THE MARCHIONESS OF NORMANBY.

Photograph by Bassano.



ANOTHER FASHIONABLE BUSINESS WOMAN: MRS. JOHN CRAIGIE.

Photograph by E. O. Hoppé.

and a very good-looking and charming woman. On her mother's side she is a cousin of the Marquess of Northampton. Her husband is the only child of the late Mrs. Reginald Craigie (John Oliver Hobbes). He was at Oxford when the Prince of Wales was there, and knew his Royal Highness well. His grandmother, Mrs. John Morgan Richards, was accounted a friend by the Queen. He went into the Coldstream Guards before the war, and served in it. He is now in business with his uncle, and his wife has evidently followed his example in a feminine way, as she is selling frocks. She is quite well endowed by nature to commend the latest creations of art, for she understands dress and dresses well and looks well in her dresses.

Lady Bertha Dawkins is having a great success with the Friends of the Poor scheme for building and endowing a club for poor ladies at Sunninghill. Lady Bertha broadcast an appeal recently, and next day received £700, chiefly in small amounts. The pile of letters, she said, was a yard and a half high. "I mean to answer every one myself," she said. "I think these nice donors will like that better than a typed circular." That is the kind of character Lady Bertha

is; she has the genius for taking pains. She has been a Lady-in-Waiting (Woman of the Bed-chamber) to the Queen for eighteen years. The daughter of Queen Victoria's handsome Lord Chamberlain in three Administrations, and of Lady Alice Hyde Villiers, whom he married in 1860, Lady Bertha was brought up in courtly ways. She married the late Major A. F. Dawkins in 1903, and two years later he died, leaving an only daughter who is a pretty, popular girl in Society. Lady Bertha is a favourite; kind, wholly devoid of frills, capable, and enjoying her life because chiefly of her great interest in things and her probably often quite unconscious help to others.

Viscountess Burnham is one of our most travelled peeresses. She has seen much of the world, not in a superficial way, but travelling with her husband, President of the Empire Press Association, and with delegates from it out to learn as well as see. Lady Burnham was in Canada, and has recently returned from a trip round the world. Of a very practical nature, and most kindly withal, she won the hearts of delegates travelling without women-kind, by going round and asking if they wanted socks mended, or buttons sewn on, and offering herself for the work. A "housewife" was recently presented to her lest she should have used up materials and implements. Lady Burnham is a worker, and did well for the Unionist cause during the last election, where again the practical side of her character asserted itself, for she invented a light, and a way of using it, that left her hands free to work with lists while illuminating them. Of the fashionable species of grandmother whom no one suspects of it, she has a grandson, Mr. Gerald Coke, who will be nineteen in October. Her elder granddaughter will be sixteen in November, and is very tall, like her father, Major the Hon. John Coke, who was a prisoner in Germany for a large part of the war. The younger granddaughter, Miss Celia Coke, nearing seven, is just the prettiest thing of that age ever!

Lady Winifred Pennoyer will be presenting her daughter, Lady Ursula Talbot, during the coming season. She has the good looks of the Talbot and the Paget families. Her brother, the Premier Earl of England, has started his thirteenth year, and is a week older than his cousin, Lord Willoughby d'Eresby, and eight years older than another cousin, the Earl of Uxbridge, godson of the King and Queen. Lady Winifred's first husband was Viscount Ingestre, who died during the second year of the war. His father survived him five years. Lady Winifred married again Mr. Richard E. Pennoyer, who was second secretary at the American Embassy, eldest son of the late A. A. Pennoyer, of Berkeley, California. Her only sister is the Countess of Pembroke and Montgomery, whose only daughter, Lady Patricia Herbert, is a favourite dance partner and a very pretty girl. Mr. and Lady Winifred Pennoyer have taken a house in town, and will be entertaining for Lady Ursula. There are two younger girls, Lady Victoria and Lady Joan Talbot, both older than their brother.

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A LADY-IN-WAITING TO THE QUEEN: THE LADY BERTHA DAWKINS.

Photograph by Russell.

The Countess of Dunmore, whose elder daughter, Lady Marjorie Murray, is being married this week, is a Kemble of the Isle of Skye, a member of an old and much-respected family. Tall, graceful, and handsome, Lady Dunmore is always an outstanding figure in any assemblage. Lady Marjorie is very like her, dark-haired and dark-eyed and tall and slender. Between her and her younger sister, Lady Mary, there is a difference in age of nine years, so Lady Dunmore will not be taking out a daughter again for some time. Lord Dunmore won the Victoria



THE WIFE OF A V.C. PEER: THE COUNTESS OF DUNMORE.

Photograph by Bassano.

Cross with the Malakand Field Force, when he was twenty-six. He has been mentioned in despatches several times in three campaigns, and won his D.S.O. and was wounded twice in the Great War. Viscount Fincastle, the only son, will be eighteen in April. King Edward was his godfather. The Duchess of Buccleuch has sailed with two daughters and some tons of baggage for Capetown, where her eldest daughter, Lady Margaret Scott, will be married on Feb. 16 to Lieut. Commander G. A. B. Hawkins, M.V.O., D.S.O., Naval A.D.C. to Major-General the Earl of Athlone, Governor General of the Union of South Africa, whose daughter, Lady May Cambridge, will be one of the bridesmaids. Lady Alice Scott will be another, and Miss Katilin Dawson, daughter of the late Captain the Hon. E. S. Dawson, R.N., and the late Lady Elizabeth Dawson, whose death followed on fracturing her thigh while in waiting on the Queen at Balmoral. Miss Dawson has spent much of her time with Princess Alice, and has been a girl companion to Lady May Cambridge since her mother's death. The fourth bridesmaid will be Lady Iris Taylor.



SISTER OF THE MARQUESS OF ANGLESEY: LADY WINIFRED PENNOYER.

Photograph by Lafayette.

The admission of Baroness Clifton to the Bar marks another inroad by our sex on the professions of men. Lady Clifton inherited her peerage from her father, the seventh Earl of Darnley, whose Irish honours devolved upon his brother, the present Earl. Her mother married Admiral Sir Arthur Cavenagh Leveson, and discontinues the use of her title as Jemima Countess of Darnley. She belongs to the family of Blackwood, of which came Baroness Dufferin and Clarendon, the ancestress of the famous diplomatist and administrator, the first Marquess of Dufferin and Ava. The new woman barrister has inherited the talent

and enterprise of that family. She did some clever writing about China, where she was a great deal when her step-father was Commander-in-Chief of the China Station. Lady Clifton has been at Bridglands, Midhurst, where there was a family party. One of her step-sisters is studying painting under Miss Lucy Kemp-Welch. She was eleven when King George was crowned, and attended that ceremony in peeress's robes. She was a minor for over twenty years, and she has not decided whether she will practice at the Bar or not.

A. E. L.

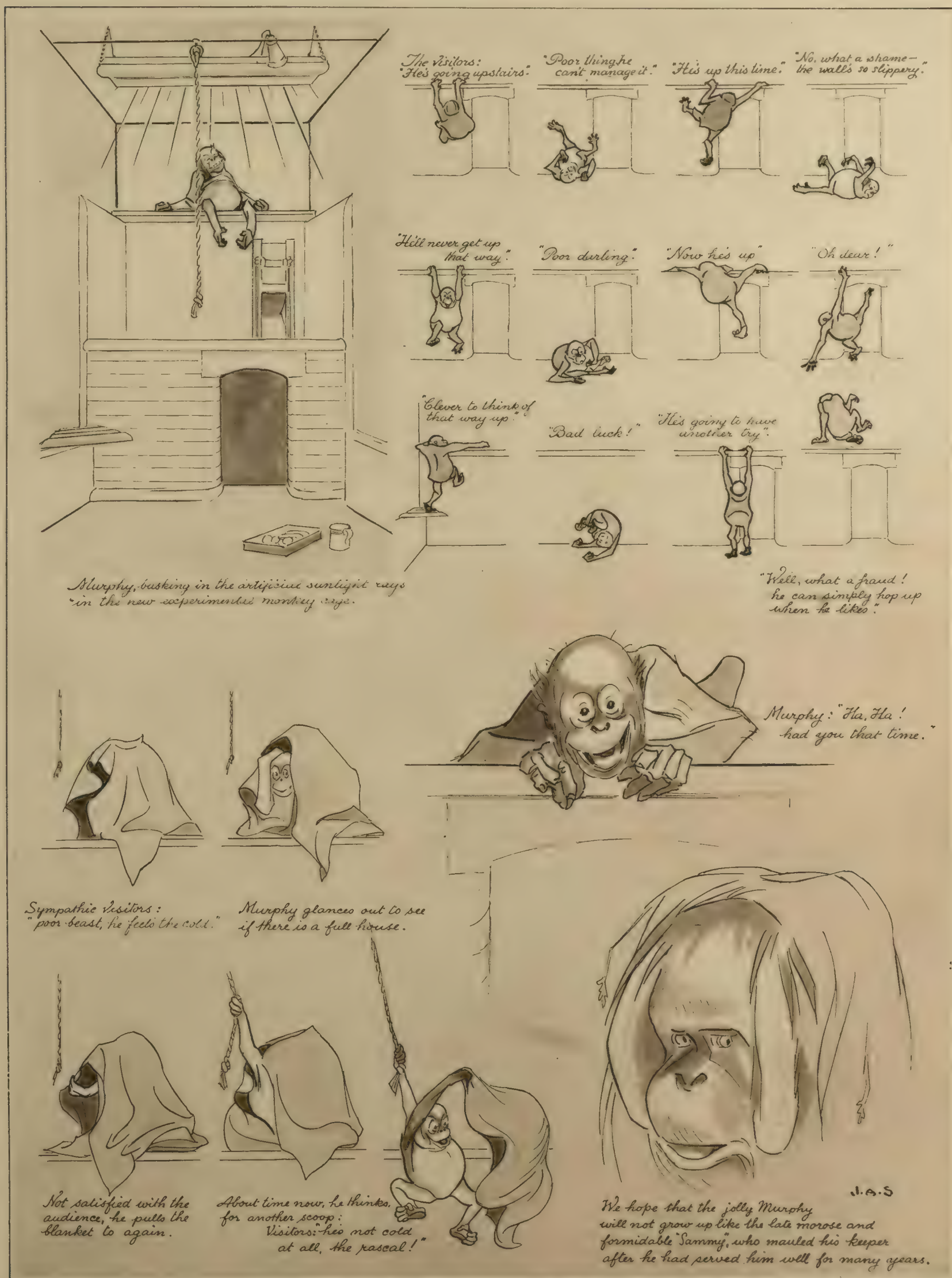


THE FIRST PEERESS TO BE CALLED TO THE BAR: LADY CLIFTON.

Photograph by Vandyk.

HUMOURS OF THE "ZOO": STUDIES OF ANIMAL LIFE.—No. V.

DRAWN SPECIALLY FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY J. A. SHEPHERD.



THE NEW LEADING COMEDIAN AT THE "ZOO": MURPHY, THE FUN-MAKER.

"Murphy, the five-year-old Orang-utan," writes Mr. J. A. Shepherd, "is now promoted leading comedian at the 'Zoo.' He is a specialist in spoofing, as the above sketches show. His home is in the new Experimental Monkey Cages, and he rejoices in the artificial sunlight rays. The glazed bricks of floors and walls are heated by hot air borrowed from the Aquarium. The patent doorway on the first floor gives Murphy access to the open-air cage for walks, as he desires.

It closes automatically, thus preventing draughts. His cage has the austerity of an up-to-date kitchen-range, without its occasional look of warmth. No litter is allowed—no straw—no anything for monkey sport. But the swinging rope has survived. The cage is as up-to-date as any Council school, and, curiously enough, it does not appear to dwarf Murphy's intelligence. It has really all the comforts of home."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

Fashions & Fancies



New Jewellery
Inspired by our
Grandmothers.

Though the changes are less noticeable than in frocks, nevertheless each season the fashion in jewellery, real and artificial, varies a little. Quite the latest caprice—which will, appropriately enough, blossom in the spring—is the wearing of brooches fashioned like baskets of flowers, carried out in diamanté and paste studded with coloured gems. Our grandmothers wore them with immense pride, and now the fashion is being revived. If you are fortunate enough to possess one of these old brooches in real stones, so much the better. If not, the need is replaced by one of the charming little *bouquets de fleurs* in paste, diamanté, and coloured stones, which cost but little to acquire. They may be seen at Dickens and Jones's, Regent Street, W. Another similar revival is the conventional lovers' knot design, which is also carried out in brooches for the shoulder or hat.

The Fate of the Necklace.

Not so very many seasons ago every dress had its decorative necklace of large coloured beads completed with a long silken tassel. But even in beads bright colours are apt to pall, and perhaps that is why this year the soft tints of pearls are those which are chosen to light up the frocks. True the choker has had its day, but long strings of varying lengths, worn as many as three or four at a time, are the prevailing fashion. Often they are caught at the neck and fall in long loops back or front, following the line of the fashionable "V" décolletage. Bracelets, too, are replaced in many instances by a rope of pearls wound round the wrist, with perhaps a long loop to hang down over the wrist picturesquely as you dance. As for hats, they are still brightened by brilliant little ornaments, and the ubiquitous arrow is rivalled by quite a menagerie of animals and birds. Another novelty is the circle of silver, in the centre of which is suspended a tiny ornament in diamonds and onyx, or perhaps their substitutes for the more restricted pockets.

Waistcoats and Scarves.

On sunny spring days, when coats are thrown open to greet the warmth, and plain tailored suits are almost uniform, decorative waistcoats make all the difference to the general appearance. This year they will be seen made of beautifully marked lizard-skin, completed with tiny edgings of white organdie, or of snakeskin in darker colourings. It is hardly necessary to remark that these are rather expensive frivolities, but almost the same effect is attained by others made of velvet showing exactly the same markings. Another variation is built of chamois leather, and looks exceedingly smart worn with a tweed coat and skirt in "pepper-and-salt" design. As for scarves, they are coming in again, attached to hats and to frocks. On the latter, they form part of the dress, following the same scheme of materials and embroideries; while on the shady straw hats for the Riviera they are swathed round the crown and pass through a slot in the brim, to be wound deftly round the neck or left to float unchecked.

A One-Week Sale.

From Feb. 1 for one week only is the white sale at Gamage's, Holborn, E.C. There is a host of bargains, including Nottingham lace curtains at 8s. 11d. a pair; and bath sheets, 34 by 64 in.,

There is a certain charm about modern jewellery which lies not only in the beauty of the gems, but in the way they are worn. Stones may be real or artificial; it matters not at all (except to the owner), provided they are worn in the right way with the right frock. Pearls are more fashionable than ever, and the ways of wearing them are infinite. Long ropes may encircle the neck several times, or may be allowed to fall in single loops at the back or front of the dress; while shorter necklets are twined round the arm from wrist to elbow, playing the rôle of bracelets.

are each 4s. 9d.; postage, 6d. extra. Every busy housewife should secure a Frazerton cooking-apron for 1s. 9½d.; and needlewomen will find many uses for the white balloon fabric at 2s. per yard, formerly 2s. 11½d. Then there are spun silk Jap over-blouses available for 13s. 9d., and strong washing net brassieres for 1s. 5½d.; while a box containing six embroidered handkerchiefs can be secured for 1s. 9½d.

The New Cape Tea-Gown.

Fashion allows full rein to her imagination in the sphere of the tea-gown, for there is no rule of silhouette to be obeyed. To be graceful is the only law, and the loveliest models are already to be seen at Marshall and Snelgrove's, Oxford Street, W., where were sketched the two pictured on this page. The one on the right is of cerise crêpe-de-Chine panelled with checked cerise and gold tissue. A silk fringe completes the panel at the back, which has a graceful cape effect. The second model shows the new cape mode, carried out in lavender crêpe-de-Chine bordered with richly coloured brocade, and gathered into a deep ruching at the shoulders. Another, expressed in midnight-blue and silver brocade

ninon, boasts long draperies of georgette floating from the shoulder and developing into two trains; while a tea-frock of black lace and ninon has a scarf attached which can be manipulated in many charming ways. And when visiting this salon no one should miss the wonderful collection of Japanese kimono boudoir gowns hand-embroidered on crêpe-de-Chine. There are beautiful flowers in rich colourings on a black background; another has swallows in black and gold flying in a setting of deep sky-blue—but it is impossible to describe them adequately in words. They range from 98s. 6d. to 25½ guineas, and offer exceptional value, as they were secured before the new duties came into force. It is an opportunity, therefore, which should not be neglected.



Quite the newest inspirations in tea-gowns are these beautiful models which may be seen in the salons of Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street, W. The one on the left is almost a cape-coat, expressed in lavender crêpe de Chine, bordered with rich brocade; while the other is of cerise crêpe de Chine panelled with checked cerise and gold tissue.

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THE PLAYHOUSES.

'MARY ROSE' REVIVED AT THE HAYMARKET.

PERHAPS there is a little too much ritual now about the performance and reception of "Mary Rose." The solemn hush into which the Haymarket audience settles itself, as it listens to the first bars of music it is to hear so often afterwards as the symbol of another world, recalls the silence of a congregation during a sermon, or of Covent Garden's elect at a hearing of "Parsifal," and might very well irritate a visitor ignorant of the play and unable to submit at once to the spell of that magician who is its author. Sir James Barrie should ask to be delivered from idolatry; his genius is a plant that needs no hot-house treatment. "Mary Rose" would not suffer if the playgoer could only hear in imagination its island voices. And of course, Barriolaters notwithstanding, the old spell works still; the veriest stranger to the story could not long resist the appeal of this beautiful fantasy, the more so as it seems acted better than ever now. Could any improvement have seemed possible in Fay Compton's handling of the title-rôle? It might well have appeared impossible, yet improvement there is. She cannot explain to us any more than Barrie himself why, to the homely and loving little bride, daughter of homely parents, there should have been that other side, as of a changeling fairy, which is haunted by the call of the supernatural, and must leave all that is dear

to follow the call. Her two-sided nature we grant the playwright and grant him gladly. But what the actress can bring to the part is a wistfulness and a tenderness which make the close of the island scene desperately moving, and a suggestion of the eerie and the irretrievable, such as lends to the poor ghost's return to earth a poignancy that is almost too pain-

son with his customary distinction; Hilda Trevelyan, Norman Forbes, and Jean Cadell are in the cast; and Mr. Reginald Bach's gillie is better even than Mr. Thesiger's.

Messrs. Walpole Brothers, Ltd., Irish linen and damask merchants, of 89 and 90, New Bond Street; 109 and 110, Kensington High Street; 175 - 176, Sloane Street, London; and 8, 9, and 10, Suffolk Street, Dublin, have been informed that inferior goods are being sold under the name of Walpole's by persons calling on householders. They desire to make known that they employ no agents or travellers canvassing for orders, and that all business is transacted solely from the above addresses. Walpole Brothers, Ltd., have no connection with any firm trading in household linens under any similar name or otherwise.

The Royal Mail Steam Packet Company have now fixed the time-table of their South American Mail Service for the first six months of this year, from which it is interesting to note that a ten-day service will be maintained, instead of fortnightly, as heretofore. This is made possible by the fact that the company's new motor liner, *Asturias* (of 22,000 tons gross, 30,000 displacement), will be in commission, her maiden voyage being fixed for Feb. 26. The advent of this voyage will doubtless be awaited with much interest, for the

adoption of the internal-combustion engine as a means of propulsion for a vessel of such dimensions marks an epoch in British shipping.



THE LENA ASHWELL PLAYERS IN MAETERLINCK'S "TINTAGILE," AT THE CENTURY THEATRE: (L. TO R.) MISS AVERIL INGRAM AS BELLANGERE, MR. GODFREY KENTON AS AGLOVALE, AND MISS ESME CHURCH AS YGRAINE.

The Lena Ashwell Players, with their excellent performances, are making the little Century Theatre in Archer Street, Westbourne Grove, a place of pilgrimage for keen playgoers. Every week they have a fresh programme. For the week begun on January 25 there was a triple bill, comprising Maeterlinck's "Tintagile," Lord Dunsany's "Fame and the Poet," and Tchekov's "The Proposal." For the four weeks of February we are promised, respectively, "Tilly of Bloomsbury," by Ian Hay; "Peter's Mother," by Mrs. Henry de la Pasture; "As You Like It"; and "Money Doesn't Matter," by Gertrude Jennings.

Photograph by Sport and General.

ful. The recall of this wraith from the side of her puzzled son comes as a positive relief. Mr. Leon Quartermaine doubles the rôles of bridegroom and

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LEMON SQUASH OR ORANGE SQUASH

Everything ready, everything in order, simply because the purchase of a few bottles of 'Kia-Ora' happily solved the refreshment problem.

Your guests may or may not suspect you are serving 'Kia-Ora,' but they will know that the Lemon Squash and Orange Squash are most delightful—simply perfect; and their appreciation will be this—they know 'Kia-Ora' is the best. Everyone likes 'Kia-Ora' Orange Squash and 'Kia-Ora' Lemon Squash; some prefer it mixed with water, others prefer soda water.

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For Lunch or Dinner. 'Kia-Ora' Lemon or Orange Squash is equally appreciated and the service is equally simple. Just pour sufficient into a glass, add water for a still drink, soda water for a sparkling drink. The slightly acid tang freshens the palate and the constituents of the Squash not only blend with the flavour of all food but aid its digestion.



Sold throughout Great Britain at 2/2 and 1/2 per bottle.

Sole Makers: KIA-ORA LTD., BLACKFRIARS, LONDON, S.E.1 (ALSO AUSTRALIA, AFRICA, INDIA, EGYPT, and U.S.A.)



Aged 2 years.

John was a very puny Baby

but Glaxo soon began to lay a firm foundation of sturdy health for him. At 2 years you see him smiling and happy, and again at 6 years—who could wish for a bonnier looking boy.

Naturally, his mother is grateful for Glaxo. She says: "My little son is now a picture of health and happiness. I feel that I owe Glaxo a big debt of gratitude, for he was a very puny specimen of a baby."

John is a characteristic example of the sturdy childhood which is the fulfilment of the promise of bonnie Glaxo babyhood—he is yet another living proof that Glaxo contains everything your baby needs for the development of firm limbs, strong bones and teeth, and a vigorous constitution.

The proof of the Food is the Babies it builds—that is why you will insist upon *your* Baby having

Glaxo

"Builds Bonnie Babies"

*The Only Food that has been
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*Guaranteed absolutely
free from preservatives*

GLAXO HOUSE, LONDON, N.W.1



*John
A Bonnie Glaxo Boy
Aged 6 years*

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

Long-Distance
Records.

Certain claims have been made from time to time regarding the world's six-days record. The

R.A.C. wishes to point out that no such record is now recognised by the International Association. The longest period for which a timed record is, or has been, recognised is twenty-four hours. Up to the end of 1925 it was, however, open to a firm to continue record attempts after twenty-four hours, and to establish or beat records for distances by steps of 500 kilometres and 500 miles without limit. This was not the intention of the International Association when the preliminary regulations for International records were drawn up, as it had been intended that twenty-four hours should limit the records; but, as the preliminary regulations did not specifically state this twenty-four hours' limit, advantage was taken of that fact by certain firms to go for very long distance records. This matter has now been put right and made perfectly clear in the final regulations which came into force on Jan. 1, it being there stated that no record, whether for distance or time, can be considered after twenty-four hours have elapsed.

The latest long-distance world's records checked and circulated by the Secretary of the International Association were those of an Ansaldo car at the end of August and beginning of September last year, extending to 10,000 kilometres, and these, not having been objected to within the period of three months, have been automatically confirmed as world's records. Also, some long-distance records up to 5000 kilometres, accomplished by a Rolland Pilain car, on Oct. 4, 5 and 6, are awaiting confirmation.

The R.A.C. has received a letter from the Secretary of the International Association, dated Dec. 30, stating that he has received a claim for certain long-distance world's and other records, said to have been made by a Fiat car during November, but that these cannot yet be circulated to the national clubs as presumptive records until the International Association is satisfied regarding certain points that have arisen in connection therewith.

A Remarkable
Year's Mileage.

It would be difficult to imagine any more exciting trial than that imposed upon the cars used by the Dunlop Rubber Co., Ltd., in exhaustively testing their wheels and tyres. A case in point is provided by the 20-60-h.p. Sunbeam, a photograph of which

appears on page 204. This car was put into service on Dec. 21, 1924, and by Dec. 20, 1925, it had covered 63,420 miles—surely a stupendous distance compared with average annual car-mileage. Considering that this Sunbeam was driven hard every day, and traversed the roughest country that could be found, it is probable that no other car has ever had a more severe year's test. The Dunlop Company states that very little attention was required by the Sunbeam during this strenuous ordeal. The engine was decarbonised twice, one engine valve was replaced, and the brakes were relined once. The clutch did not receive any attention, and the steering-gear was only periodically lubricated. On the completion of the 63,420 miles, the general mechanical condition of the Sunbeam was excellent, the springing was described as perfect, and the bodywork was in excellent condition. It is interesting to note that Mr. R. W. Bunce, who is seen in the car in the above-mentioned photograph, drove the Sunbeam 62,980 miles in twelve months, the whole distance with the exception of 440 miles.

New "All-Weather"
Equipment.

As the 1926 models of the various makes of motor-car come on the road, the remarkable advance which has been made in many quarters, both in the details and furnishing of the bodies, even of the most moderately priced models, becomes evident. The wealth of detail in the equipment, the comfort of the bodywork, and the ease with which open cars become closed ones, are all very striking. One car which especially stands out is the "all-weather" 14-h.p. Standard five-seater for 1926. The body is of the cabriolet type, which hitherto has been associated exclusively with the most costly built-to-order bodies, almost the only difference being that the windows are made of celluloid instead of glass. There are three of them at each side, and all can be raised from or lowered into the doors and rear panels in the same manner as the glass windows of a high-grade saloon. Those over the four doors open with them, and are operated by mechanical winders from inside the car; the rear ones are moved by hand and locked by a neat thumb-nut. The special hood design assists in eliminating draughts, for, instead of the valance being loose as usual, it is secured to a full-length "cant-rail" against which the windows firmly abut when raised.

The transparent material is carried in narrow metal frames that move up or down in grooved duralumin guides, the latter folding into the doors when the windows are not required. An important point is that, owing to the complete protection afforded within the hollow doors and panels when out of use, the transparency of the windows will remain unimpaired indefinitely. Of this new all-weather equipment it can truly be said that it transforms an open car into a closed car with the advantages of both. Owing to the windows running almost the full length of the body, the interior is exceptionally light when the hood is raised. In its accessory equipment the car is remarkable. Spring gaiters, shock-absorbers, speedometer, clock, luggage-grid and spare-wheel carrier at the rear, driving mirror, two dash lamps, electric horn, interior roof-light, dimmer switch, ash-tray, spare petrol-can and holder, and hood-cover are all included in the price (£365).

Correct
Lubrication.

Perhaps the most important factor in the efficient operation of a car is that of lubrication, and any feature that tends to simplify the process or to assist the owner-driver in any way is always welcome. In this connection the Vacuum Oil Company, Ltd., have recently added to their "Correct Lubrication" literature oiling charts covering the 8- and 9-h.p. models of the Rover, the 11- and 14-h.p. models of the Standard, and the 10-h.p. Singer. Each of these charts has been carefully prepared to show every lubrication point, together with detail information as to period and correct lubricant to use. The Mobiloil lubrication charts now issued by the

LOWER PRICES—GREATER VALUES

The reduced prices of Dodge Brothers cars, announced on January 10th, increase greatly the value in a product already famed the world over as an exceptional investment.

These reductions are all the more outstanding as they come at a time when Dodge Brothers product has reached the highest peak of mechanical perfection.

Many buyers who have often considered the purchase of a Dodge Brothers car, but felt it beyond their means, will be interested in the exceptional value represented in these new low prices.

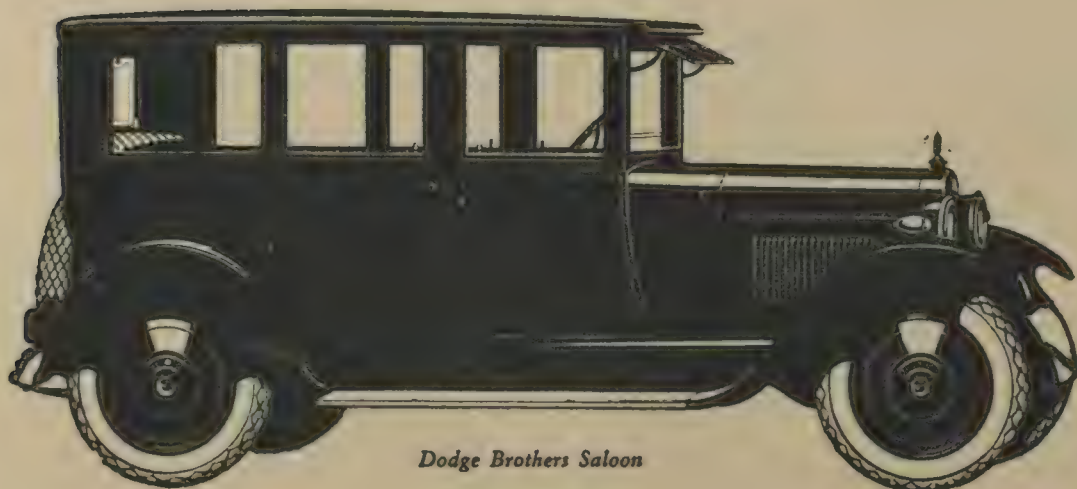
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DODGE BROTHERS SALOON

£360

Saloon Landaulette, £535 Landaulette, £470
Touring Car, £335

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PARK ROYAL LONDON, N.W.10



Dodge Brothers Saloon

There's a K.L.G. made specially for you

Engines vary in their taste for plugs—naturally. A plug which in one engine will last for years may in another oil up or overheat. That is why there are several types of K.L.G.'s—a range of specially designed plugs, one or other of which will give perfect service in all modern engines.

All good garages stock and can recommend the correct K.L.G. for most cars. In case of difficulty write or phone our Sales Dept., who will be pleased to advise you.

Some typical recommendations:

AUSTIN 7-12-20 H.P.	J.I.	MORRIS	-	- G.2
BEAN	-	- G.I.	ROVER 8 & 9	- J.I
CLYNO	-	- J.2.	SINGER	- J.I
DAIMLER	-	- G.I.E	STANDARD	- G.I
ESSEX	-	- L.I.	WOLSELEY	- L.I

All the above retail at 6/- each, except the H.S.3, which is 7/6.

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K.L.G.

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2B

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6-Cylinder Models
fitted with
Lanchester
Four-wheel Brakes

Dunlop Tyres Standard.

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THE BAYNARD PRESS

Continued.]

Vacuum Oil Company, Ltd., cover the Morris, Standard 11- and 14-h.p., 10-26-h.p. Singer, 8- and 9-h.p. models of the Rover, and the Ford. Any of these charts can be obtained post-free on request



A REMARKABLE MILEAGE RECORD: A 20-60-H.P. SUNBEAM CAR THAT COVERED 63,420 MILES IN TWELVE MONTHS, FOR DUNLOP WHEEL AND TYRE TESTS.

This 20-60-h.p. Sunbeam car covered in twelve months the extraordinary mileage of 63,420 in testing Dunlop wheels and tyres. Mr R. W. Bunce, who is seen in the car, drove the Sunbeam the whole distance except for 440 miles.

to the above, inquiries being sent to Caxton House, Westminster, S.W.1.

A Useful Fitting.

The Vacuum Oil Company advise me that they are now supplying a new type of oil-drum, bushed and screwed to take a special tap which can be locked to prevent accidental waste of oil, or theft by unscrupulous persons. I have often wondered why every oil firm has not done this before. There is nothing more messy than the usual way of getting oil out of a drum by tilting the latter and pouring the contents into a smaller receptacle. Of course, a pump can be used, but that is expensive to buy and messy into the bargain. The tap in the drum is undoubtedly the thing.

to collect the Oxo wrappers.

"Photograms of the Year" has just made its thirty-first annual appearance, and is wonderful testimony to the remarkable skill and artistry which the modern camera-man achieves. The photographic pictures reproduced range over a wide field, and

A K.L.G. Note.

Mr. Harkness, who recently broke all records in Australia, and secured the Australian record of 107 miles per hour, at Gerrington Beach, made these records on an eight-cylinder Minerva car, using K.L.G. plugs. W. W.

A charmingly dressed doll and a handsome leather shopping bag are being given by Oxo, Ltd., free in exchange for 480 and 240 Oxo Cube outside wrappers respectively. More than 70,000 grocers are exhibiting these gifts in their shop windows. A feature of this scheme is that these gifts can be obtained at once. The scheme closes on April 30, so no time should be lost before beginning

include some delightful romantic landscapes, any amount of striking portraits, studies, and pictorial arrangements of every kind. Mr. F. J. Mortimer, F.R.P.S., is the editor, and the volume contains some interesting articles dealing with the year's camera achievements at home and abroad. The original pictures from which the admirable reproductions have been made will be on view at the London Camera Club, 17, John Street, Adelphi, W.C., during February, and are likely to rouse much interest.

The Rugby Union has arranged with the R.A.C. to carry out the car-parking at Twickenham for all important matches this season. The new system was inaugurated at the Oxford and Cambridge match, when the 1400 cars which were present were all clear of the ground in under an hour. On the advice of the R.A.C. a house standing at the south end of the ground has been pulled down, and the authorities hope that this will greatly facilitate the arrival and departure of motor traffic.



ART HAND-IN-HAND WITH COMMERCE: A PANEL OF PROFESSOR MOIRA'S BEAUTIFUL NEW PAINTED FRIEZE IN THE ENTRANCE HALL OF THE ARMY AND NAVY STORES, REPRESENTING THE EVOLUTION OF COSTUME AND HOUSE DECORATION.

The finishing touch to the remodelling, within and without, of the Army and Navy Stores in Victoria Street, to the great improvement of that thoroughfare, has been given by the fine new painted frieze round the main entrance hall. It is the work of Professor Gerald Moira, Principal of the Edinburgh College of Art, and formerly Professor of Mural Painting at the Royal College of Art in London. He has skilfully used the picturesque and romantic possibilities suggested by the all-embracing services of the Stores. Thus the panel here illustrated symbolises the evolution of dress, furniture, and house decoration, from the thirteenth century to the present day. The figures, it will be noted, are not arranged in chronological order.

Sports People and their Dogs.

If you want to Purchase, Sell, or Hire good Pedigree Dogs you cannot do better than to study and use the advertisement columns of *The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*, which publishes each week a special article by Major Harding Cox, the well-known authority, under the heading of "Dogs of the Day."

Advertisers' announcements appearing either under or facing this special article cannot but catch the reader's eye. By following this special page you will be kept in touch with all the best dog fanciers throughout the English-speaking world. Where English-speaking people are to be found so is the *Sporting and Dramatic*.

Further particulars and rates on application to:—

The Advertisement Manager,
The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News,
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CIGARETTES

*W.D. & H.O. Wills, Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Company
(of Great Britain and Ireland), Limited.*

RADIO NOTES.

A PROPOSITION of the utmost interest to all British broadcast listeners has been put to the Broadcasting Committee, which is now sitting at the House of Lords. As chairman of the National Association of Radio Manufacturers and Traders, Mr. W. W. Burnham stated that "the present system of low-power main stations and trifling power relay stations was wrong," for the reason that most listeners are limited to receiving from a local station. Even those who possess expensive receivers have difficulty in picking up alternative programmes satisfactorily, owing to the weakness of the more distant stations. Moreover, the existing system is financially extravagant, costing too much in plant, personnel, and up-keep. The alternative submitted was that the lower-power and relay stations which serve Great Britain at present should be abolished, and six or seven high-power broadcasting stations made to serve the country, which would be divided into zones, so that a crystal-set user with head-phones would be able to pick up two or three zone stations, and a multi-valve set user might select any zone station at loud-speaker strength. Development on the lines proposed would result in a receiving apparatus being a necessity in every home to keep families entertained, interested in the world's affairs, and educated in a minor degree. A further recommendation was that a super-power station should be available for national and long-distance broadcasting, with a view to establishing international understanding. The fact was also mentioned that about 40,000 people are employed in the radio industry, and that the turnover in wireless sales last year was from 10 to 12½ million pounds. In the early days of British broadcasting, £26,000

was stated to be the yearly cost of running a single station; and as there are twenty stations now in operation, the total expenses, based on the preceding amount, would work out at over half-a-million pounds. Seven high-powered stations could be dealt with by a smaller personnel, and a considerable reduction in other costs should be made possible; consequently the

3000 miles from London, a listener has just written to the *Radio Times* stating that he and his friends listened there by loud-speaker to Sir Harry Lauder's recent performance at the London Studio. The enunciation was so clear that Sir Harry's songs were written down word for word as broadcast. Reception was obtained on a six-valve Neutrodyne receiver, with a frame aerial eight feet square.

During last year the British Broadcasting Company's stations collectively worked 46,215 hours 40 minutes, and the average breakdown per station amounted to only one minute in every 1000 minutes.

There is such a large number of loud-speakers on the market to-day that it is somewhat difficult for anyone who may be desirous of installing one for the first time to decide upon an instrument which is likely to give satisfaction. Some cheap wireless shops draw notice to their existence by means of an overloaded loud-speaker pouring forth raucous noises into the street, and it is curious that there are some people who can be lured into the belief that the sounds represent broadcasting, and, moreover, are satisfied, although perhaps only temporarily, with any trumpet-shaped device they may be induced to buy.

Good tonal quality first, with good strength of reproduction second, are what the best makers of loud-speakers aim at, and a would-be purchaser should endeavour to hear as many different types of instrument as possible, either at the homes of friends or at the show-rooms of the best providers, before coming to a decision. If it is possible, two or three different makes should be had "on approval," and tried one against the other on the owner's receiver, so that the instruments may be heard under normal conditions.



THE LARGEST BROADCASTING STUDIO IN EUROPE: "5 IT," BIRMINGHAM.

Our illustration shows the spacious new studio erected by the B.B.C. at Birmingham, which was formally opened on the 20th instant. After the inaugural speeches by Mr. P. J. Hannon and Lord Gainford, "The Music Makers," an ode by Arthur O'Shaughnessy, with music by Sir Edward Elgar, was performed by the augmented orchestra and Repertory Chorus.—[Photograph by Topical.]

saving of perhaps two or three hundred thousand pounds would be available for maintaining programmes on a very high level.

To a Briton exiled abroad, the possession of a radio set powerful enough to receive news and entertainment practically instantaneously from the Mother Country must indeed be a blessing. From Minia, surrounded by the desert, 160 miles south of Cairo, and nearly

endeavour to hear as many different types of instrument as possible, either at the homes of friends or at the show-rooms of the best providers, before coming to a decision. If it is possible, two or three different makes should be had "on approval," and tried one against the other on the owner's receiver, so that the instruments may be heard under normal conditions.

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Fountain Pen

Regular Type from 12/6. Self-filling and Safety Types from 17/6. See also Waterman's Combination Writing Sets, containing Pen and Pencil to match, from 20/6. Of Stationers and Jewellers. "The Pen Book" free from L. G. SLOAN, Ltd., The Pen Corner, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.

Those First Grey Hairs appear just here

Touch them up with TATCHO-TONE

Medical Guaranty with bottle. Chemists Prices 2/6 & 4/6 or direct to the Tatcho-Tone Co., 5, Gt. Queen St., W.C.2

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NOTHING could be more beautiful than hair in the splendour of its youth. Its sheen, its softly silken texture vies with its exuberant colouring.

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The best Watch dogs. Specially trained against burglars. Best guards for ladies alone.

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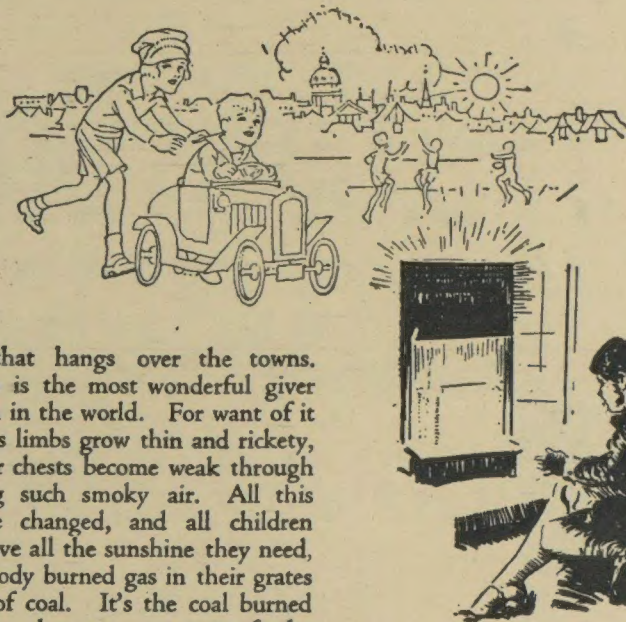


PICTURES IN THE GAS FIRE

The Children
of the Towns

"What do you see to-night, mummy?"
"I see the children of the future, Dicky—healthy, jolly children, with glowing cheeks and sturdy limbs."
"Rich children or poor children?"
"All children, poor and rich, country children and the children of the towns. They shall all have a chance of health in the future."
"But aren't we all healthy now?"
"No, Dicky. Children in the towns of to-day are starved of sunshine. Even when they do see the sun, its rays are weakened through having to fight their way through a great black curtain of

smoke that hangs over the towns. The sun is the most wonderful giver of health in the world. For want of it children's limbs grow thin and rickety, and their chests become weak through breathing such smoky air. All this could be changed, and all children could have all the sunshine they need, if everybody burned gas in their grates instead of coal. It's the coal burned in houses that causes most of the smoke. That's why we have gas fires. They give so much less trouble, too—but that's a story for another evening."

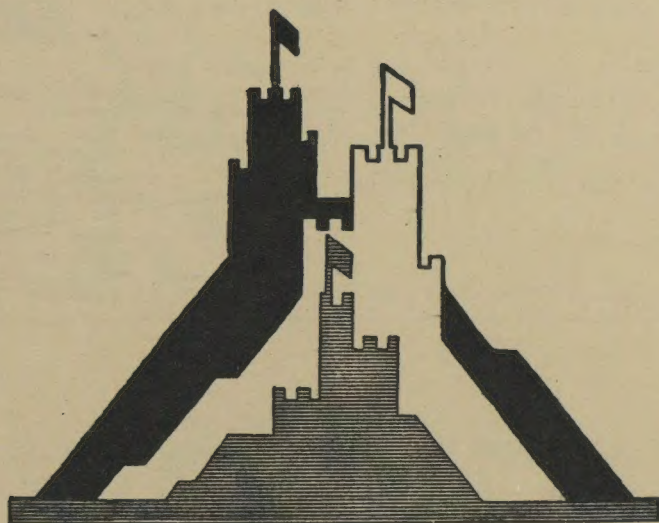


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28 GROSVENOR GARDENS, LONDON, S.W.1



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Cigarettes the golden beauty of
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10's Cartons 8d | (Hand made)
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Statement of Accounts

December 31st, 1925

LIABILITIES		£
Paid-up Capital	12,665,384	
Reserve Fund	12,665,384	
Current, Deposit & other Accounts (including Profit Balance)	350,407,209	
Acceptances & Engagements	35,747,790	
ASSETS		
Coin, Notes & Balances with Bank of England	53,590,604	
Balances with, & Cheques on other Banks	17,026,057	
Money at Call & Short Notice	18,679,349	
Investments	34,791,276	
Bills Discounted	41,888,022	
Advances	196,747,548	
Liabilities of Customers for Acceptances & Engagements	35,747,790	
Bank Premises	6,637,169	
Capital, Reserve & Undivided Profits of		
Belfast Banking Co. Ltd.	1,291,167	
The Clydesdale Bank Ltd.	2,667,608	
North of Scotland Bank Ltd.	2,069,578	
Midland Bank Executor and Trustee Co. Ltd.	349,599	

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Don't wait until the winter winds have roughened and marred your complexion. Begin now to use

BEETHAM'S
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You will find it wonderfully soothing and so beneficial that, if regularly used, no bad weather conditions will have power to mar your dainty charm of complexion, or to roughen your hands and arms.

From all Chemists and Stores, in bottles, 1/6.

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The Best Remedy known for

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Effectually cuts short attacks of SPASMS,
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A true palliative in NEURALGIA, GOUT,
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Including Christmas Number ...	1 12 6
Three Months ...	0 14 8
Including Christmas Number ...	0 17 10

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Including Christmas Number ...	1 17 6
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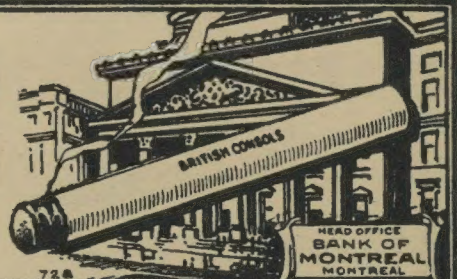
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TRAVELLER CIGARETTES

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Plain or
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